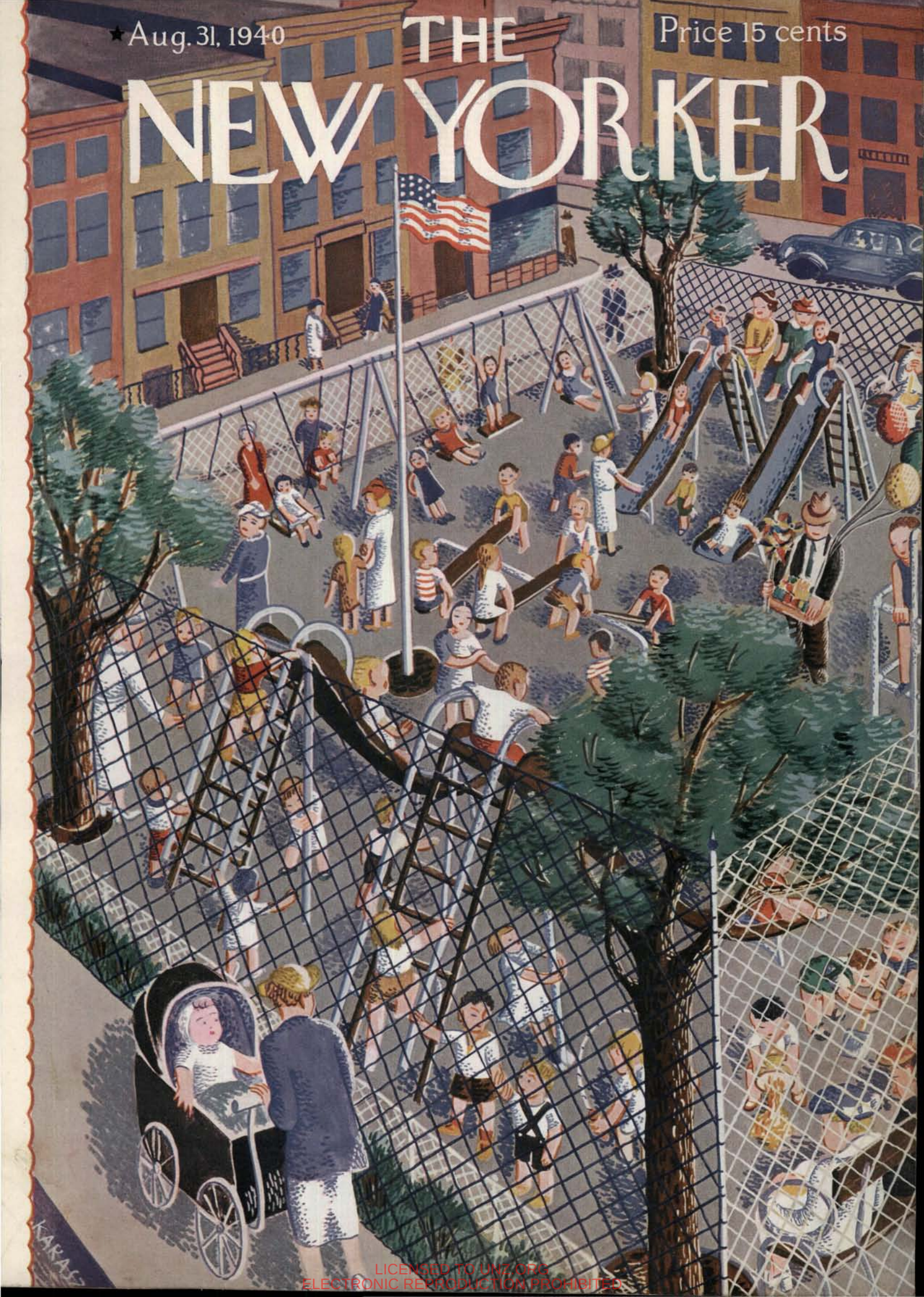
★ Aug. 31, 1940

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Life with Father**—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Stanley Ridges and Dorothy Gish are filling in as Father and Mother while Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney take a short vacation. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner**—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and very amusing it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Sept. 2.)

**Tobacco Road**—They still can't make up their minds whether to close this antique or not. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Sept. 2.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Du Barry Was a Lady**—Bawdy in an expensive way but, at the same time, pretty funny. Betty Allen has taken the place of Ethel Merman, Bert Lahr is still on hand, and the music's by Cole Porter. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Sept. 4, and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Sept. 2.)

**Hellz-a-Poppin**—A collection of vaudeville acts crazily supervised by Olsen and Johnson, who do everything but assassinate the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Sept. 2.)

**Louisiana Purchase**—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Sept. 4, and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Sept. 2.)

### MISCELLANY

**Jones Beach**—A big variety show, with a water ballet, water sports, and fireworks. (Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. Wantagh 1600. Sat. through Mon. Eves., Aug. 31-Sept. 2, at 8:30.)

### SUMMER STOCK

(The Labor Day weekend will wind up the season for many of the out-of-town theatres listed below.)

**Amherst**—Gloria Stuart and Francis Lederer in "The Pursuit of Happiness": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Kirby Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat.)

**Blauvelt**—"The Post Road": through Sun., Sept. 1. (Greenbush Theatre, Blauvelt, N.Y. 8:45. Mat. 2:30, Fri.)

**Cambridge**—Ezra Stone and Jessie Royce Landis in "Your Loving Son," a new play by Abby Merchant: through Sat., Aug. 31. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40.)

**Cape May**—Julie Haydon in "Sweeney in the Trees," a new play by William Saroyan: through Sat., Aug. 31. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

**Cedarhurst**—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": through Sat., Aug. 31. "Stage Door": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

**Clinton**—Frances Farmer in "Little Women": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Fri.)

**Cohasset**—"The Hottentot": through Sat., Aug. 31. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30.)

**Dennis**—Eva Le Gallienne in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mat. 2:40, Fri.)

**Eagles Mere**—Taylor Holmes in "Secret Weapons," a new play by Bayard Veiller: through Sat., Aug. 31. (Eagles Mere Playhouse, Eagles Mere, Pa. 9:30.)

**East Hampton**—"Fair Helen," a new play by A. P. Herbert: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 30-31. (John Drew Memorial Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. 8:40.)

**Fitchburg**—"The Drunkard": through Sat., Aug. 31. Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mat. 2:20, Wed.)

**Gloucester**—Ruth Chatterton in "Pygmalion": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Sat.)

**Guilford**—Adrienne Ames and Eddie Nugent in "Personal Appearance": through Sat., Aug. 31. Ruth Gordon in "Here Today": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mat. 2:30, Wed.)

**Harrison**—Florence Reed in "The Shanghai Gesture": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Fri.)

**Ivoryton**—"Skylark": through Sat., Aug. 31. Bert Wheeler in "A Policeman's Lot," a new comedy by Sol Heller: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

**Maplewood**—Elliott Nugent and most of the original cast in "The Male Animal": through Sat., Aug. 31. Joe E. Brown in "Elmer the Great": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

**Marblehead**—Ina Claire in "Biography": through Sat., Aug. 31. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45.)

**Matunuck**—"Three Men on a Horse": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Thurs.)

**New Hope**—Louis Calhern and Haila Stoddard in "The Firebrand": through Sat., Aug. 31. "Something About a Soldier," a new play by William Saroyan: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**Newport**—Violet Heming in "The Marquise": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Casino Civic Theatre, Newport, R.I. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Thurs.)

**Ogunquit**—Vilma and Buddy Ebsen in "Elmer the Great": through Sat., Aug. 31. Sinclair Lewis in "Ah, Wilderness!": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

**Orwigsburg**—Anna May Wong in "On the Spot": through Sat., Aug. 31. Ramon Novarro in "The Command to Love": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

**Princeton**—Ruth Gordon in "Here Today": through Sat., Aug. 31. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45.)

**Roslyn**—"Soft Shoulders," a new play by Christopher Morley: through Sat., Aug. 31. "The Hero of the World," a new play by William Saroyan: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

**Rye Beach**—"Fledgling," a new play by Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Philip Lewis: through Sat., Aug. 31. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

**Schenectady**—Jean Muir in "A Midsummer Night's Dream": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. 8:45.)

**Skowhegan**—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., Aug. 31. "The Show-Off": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., Sept. 2.)

**Stockbridge**—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": through Sat., Aug. 31. "In My Opinion," a new play by Samson Raphaelson: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**Stony Creek**—Ramon Novarro in "The Command to Love": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Stony Creek Theatre, Stony Creek, Conn. 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Thurs.)

**Westboro**—Michael Whalen in "Up Pops the Devil": through Sat., Aug. 31. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 2-7. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Wed.)

**White Plains**—Paul and Grace Hartman in "Tonight at 8:30": through Sat., Aug. 31. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45.)

**Woodstock**—"Skylark": through Mon., Sept. 2. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.**

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of a number of places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Some of those in the city may close for one or more nights over the Labor Day weekend.)

**Ambassador Garden**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in this green and pleasant place.

**Biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—On the Roof, there's entertainment and music by Alvino Rey and his orchestra.

**Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A small, attractive spot, with the Tisdale Trio and Nicki Raymond's orchestra.

**Montparnasse**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and nice enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. A quintet plays for dancing.

**Pierre**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Joan Edwards and Bob Knight's orchestra are in the Café at the supper hour. Felix Ferry is in charge of things.

**Rainbow Room**, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Way, way up there, you'll find Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show which includes Monna Montes and José Fernandez. . . . Marlynn and Michael are in their third year in the Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

**St. Regis**, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a small show are on the Viennese Roof. Must dress if you want to dance.

**Savoy-Plaza**, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster, acting like people he isn't, is in the Café Lounge at the supper hour. Emile Petti's orchestra provides the music.

**Stork Club**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The same faces at their accustomed places. Charlie Wright's orchestra and a rumba band.

**Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Panchito's rumba band keeps right on playing rumbas. Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra is there, too.

**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra will replace Xavier Cugat's on Fri., Sept. 6, on the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr's orchestra will continue to be around at the supper hour. Larry Adler is leaving on Sat., Aug. 31.

**Miscellaneous**—At **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself heads the entertainers in this new supper club of hers. No dancing. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 29, August 31, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded nook, with a mite of a dance floor. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra will be replaced on Fri., Aug. 30, by Ina Ray Hutton's. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Russ Morgan's orchestra. . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor is alone worth the trip; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): a lively late spot for the sturdy. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Sea setting, with, except Mon., Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs place, with South American entertainment. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

AL-FRESCO DINING—With dancing: CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr., at 124 (MO 2-8600); and TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), which may close right after Labor Day. . . . Without dancing: CHATHAM WALK, Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); PAVILLON MARGUERY, 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); JAPANESE GARDEN of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and PROMENADE CAFÉ, in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center (CI 6-5800).

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): among the boys in the coöperative band here are Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Pee Wee Russell.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

## OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis. . . . WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB, 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Jack Towne's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . BOARDWALK CAFÉ, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Guy Lombardo's orchestra, through Mon., Sept. 2. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra. . . . MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Joe Venuti's orchestra. Closed Mon.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—At CANOE PLACE INN, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Lou Lang's orchestra. Dancing Sat. Eves. only after Labor Day. . . . NEW PROSPECT HOTEL, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra. . . . SEVEN PONDS INN, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a sextet plays for dancing, nightly except Tues. . . . GUIDO'S SAPPHIRE ROOM, Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . The Spanish Grill of the MONMOUTH HOTEL, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . ROSS FENTON FARM, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Eddie Oliver's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . SEA BRIGHT YACHT CLUB, on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra. . . . ARROWHEAD INN, Saratoga Springs: Ernie Holst's orchestra and a show, through Sat., Aug. 31. . . .

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PIPING ROCK, Saratoga Springs: Ted Straeter's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show, through Sat., Aug. 31.

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DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . BROOKHAVEN, L.I.: Brook House (Bellport 394). . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749). . . . WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984). . . . COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981). . . . POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371), and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . SLOATSBURG, N.Y.: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . SOUTHPORT, CONN.: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330), dancing Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971). . . . ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Labor Day.)

AMERICANS IN HOLLYWOOD—An exhibition of pictures painted by nine native artists, including Benton, Biddle, and Wood, in connection with the filming of the O'Neill play "The Long Voyage Home": Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays, except Sat., Aug. 31, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 9.

CATLIN—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 6.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Thurs., 2 to 4 P.M.; Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

FRENCH—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: Matisses, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

GROUPS—At the MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by fifteen contemporary Americans, including Leon Kroll and Maurice Sterne. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: from William S. Mount and A. H. Wyant to Robert Philipp and Jon Corbino, with the elders having a shade the edge of things. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: paintings by Csoka, Corbino, and others. Mon. through Fri. (including Labor Day), 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 7. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: Guy and Yvonne Pène du Bois, Bouché, and Schnakenberg, among other modern Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 13.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. A new fresco by Orozco is on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive showing of paintings, sculptures, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

SOVIET GRAPHIC ART—Some remarkably gay illustrations for children's tales set the tone for a collection of woodcuts, color prints, and other graphics: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Fri. and Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

HERE AND THERE—At the MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., Sept. 7, 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 28. . . . F.A.R., 19 E. 61: original aquatints by Goya. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: paintings and sculptures by members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 7 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 23.

## MUSIC

OPERA—The New York La Scala Opera Association, under the direction of Alfredo Salmaggi, presenting "Carmen," Sat., Aug. 31; "Rigoletto," Sun., Sept. 1; and "Aida," Mon., Sept. 2: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., at Ashland Place (ST 3-6700). At 8:20 P.M.

OUT OF TOWN—Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun., Sept. 1, at 4 P.M.; and Sat., Sept. 7, at 3 P.M. (soloist, Albert Spalding). . . . Yaddo Concerts: Saratoga Springs, N.Y., Sat., Sept. 7, at 3 and 8:15 P.M.

## SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. Aft., Aug. 29, at 3:15. Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., Aug. 30, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., Aug. 31, at 3; Sun. Aft., Sept. 1 (doubleheader), at 2. Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Mon. Aft., Sept. 2 (doubleheader), at 1:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Sat. Aft., Aug. 31, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Sept. 1 (doubleheader), at 2:05. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Wed. Aft., Sept. 4, at 3:15; Thurs. Aft., Sept. 5 (doubleheader), at 1:45. Giants vs. Dodgers, Sat. Aft., Sept. 7, at 3.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden, Fri. Eve., Sept. 6: Billy Conn vs. Bob Pastor, heavyweights; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

DOG SHOWS—Lenox Kennel Club, Lenox, Mass., Sat., Aug. 31, at 9 A.M. . . . Great Barrington Kennel Club, Great Barrington, Mass., Sun., Sept. 1, at 1 P.M. . . . Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Darien, Conn., Mon., Sept. 2, at 9 A.M. . . . Bridgewater Kennel Club, Bridgewater, Mass., Sat., Sept. 7, at 10 A.M. . . . Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, Sat., Sept. 7, at 9 A.M.

GOLF—National P.G.A. Championship, Hershey C.C., Hershey, Pa., through Sun., Sept. 1. . . . L.I. Father, Son, and Junior Championship, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, through Sat., Aug. 31. . . . Invitation Tournament, Arcola C.C., Arcola, N.J., Fri. through Mon., Aug. 30-Sept. 2. . . . Westchester Amateur-Pro Championship, Mount Vernon C.C., Tuckahoe, Wed.,

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Sept. 4. . . . Westchester Open, Mount Vernon C.C., Tuckahoe, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 5-6.

**Horse Shows**—Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, Rhinebeck, N.Y., Thurs., Aug. 29, at 9 A.M. . . . Smithtown, L.I., Sat., Aug. 31, at 9 A.M. . . . Warrenton, Va., Sat., Aug. 31, and Mon., Sept. 2, at 10 A.M. . . . Genesee Valley Breeders' Association, Avon, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 6-7, at 1 P.M. . . . Cecil County Breeders, Fair Hill, Md., Fri., Sept. 6, at 10:30 A.M., and Sat., Sept. 7, at 3:45 P.M.

**Polo**—Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: test matches, Thurs., Aug. 29, and Tues. and Thurs., Sept. 3 and 5, at 5:30 P.M.; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 31-Sept. 2, at 3:30 P.M. National Open Championship starts Sat., Sept. 7, at 3:30 P.M. . . . Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury: test match, Sun., Sept. 1, at 3:30 P.M.

**Racing**—Daily at Saratoga Springs, at 2:30 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 31. The Hopeful Stakes and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 31. (Regular trains leave Grand Central weekdays at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:33 P.M. The Saturday Special leaves Grand Central at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:30 P.M.) . . . Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 2:15 P.M., starting Mon., Sept. 2. The Aqueduct Handicap, Sat., Sept. 7. (Frequent special trains will leave Penn. Station between 12:25 and 1:45 P.M. on racing days.)

**Tennis**—National Singles, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, Fri. through Sat., Aug. 30-Sept. 7.

**Trotting**—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, weekdays at 8 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

**Yachting**—Sears Cup finals, Eastern Point Y.C., East Gloucester, Mass., through Thurs., Aug. 29. . . . National Championship, Lightning Class, Riverside Y.C., Riverside, Conn., through Fri., Aug. 30. . . . Vineyard Race, Stamford Y.C., Stamford, Fri., Aug. 30. . . . Stratford Shoals Overnight Race, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Oyster Bay, Sat., Aug. 31. . . . Larchmont Y.C. Regatta, Larchmont, Sun., Sept. 1. . . . Women's National Championship, Point o' Woods Y.C., Point o' Woods, L.I., Wed. through Fri., Sept. 4-6.

Club-championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Sat., Aug. 31; Larchmont Y.C., Mon., Sept. 2; Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sat., Sept. 7.

## OTHER EVENTS

**Planetarium**—"Sky Clocks and Calendars" is the topic of the September lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

**Da Vinci Exhibition**—Two hundred or more models of the Italian master's inventions, recently constructed in Milan from his sketches and notes: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center, daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

## ON THE AIR

**Henry A. Wallace**—Ceremonies at Des Moines, Iowa, in which the Democratic candidate for Vice-President will formally learn of and accept his nomination: Thurs. Eve., Aug. 29, from 10:15, WJZ, WABC; from 10:30, WEAF, WOR.

**Racing**—The Saratoga Cup, at Saratoga Springs: Sat. Aft., Aug. 31, at 5:15, WJZ, WOR.

**Golf**—National P.G.A. finals, at Hershey, Pa.: Sun. Aft., Sept. 1, at 2, WABC.

**Tennis**—National Singles, at Forest Hills: Sat. Aft., Sept. 7, at 2, WABC; at 3, WHN.

**News Commentators**—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Mon. Eves. at 9, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

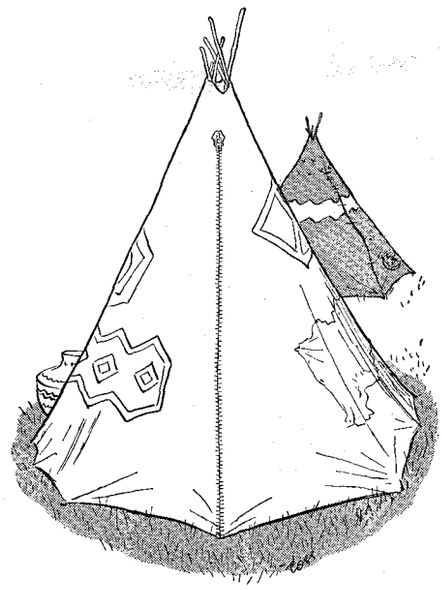
News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Tues. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

**Frequency Modulation**—The new "staticless-radio" programs are being broadcast by the following stations: W2XOR, daily from 9 A.M. to midnight; W2XWG, Mon. through Fri., from 3 to 11 P.M.; W2XMN, weekdays from 4 to 11 P.M., and Sun., from 3 to 6 P.M.; and W2XQR, daily from 5 to 10 P.M.

## MOTION PICTURES

**All This, and Heaven Too**—Murder in old Paris. From Rachel Field's best-seller, of course, and richly, handsomely presented. With Bette Davis and Charles Boyer. (Hamilton, B'way at 146; through Mon., Sept. 2. . . . R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Sept. 4.)

**The Baker's Wife**—Life, or very close to life anyhow,



in a prewar French village, with Raimu as a husband who has a pretty but problematical wife. (World, 153 W. 49.)

**Disney Festival**—A reshowing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and four shorts. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

**Edison, the Man**—Spencer Tracy's cabinet photograph of the inventor. A substantial if rather educational sort of thing. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Aug. 29. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 30.)

**Foreign Correspondent**—Alfred Hitchcock's film of Europe and war and love, with Joel McCrea and a cast of experts. Very much up-to-the-minute, and very exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

**The Ghost Breakers**—A comic thriller, with Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard, that will remind you of "The Cat and the Canary." Lively. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Sept. 2. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 3-7. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Thurs., Sept. 5.)

**Gone with the Wind**—Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, and crowds and armies, all with plenty of time to give us their best. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

**His Girl Friday**—Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy in what turns out to be, all of a sudden, just our old friend "The Front Page." Sprightly. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 3-4.)

**I Love You Again**—William Powell and Myrna Loy, well supported and well directed, in a practically irresistible comedy about amnesia. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Sept. 4.)

**The Man I Married**—What happens when an American girl discovers that her husband is a Nazi sympathizer. Recommended as one of the best of the serious Hollywood commentaries on the international situation. Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer are in it. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., Aug. 29. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Aug. 30. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Sept. 2.)

**The Mortal Storm**—Germany as Hitler began to take over, and the fate of one family in the shadows. Not a great picture nor up to its theme, but dramatic. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 31-Sept. 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 3-4. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 5-6.)

**My Favorite Wife**—Marriage and its comic side, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. A funny picture. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; starting Sat., Sept. 7.)

**Our Town**—Thornton Wilder's play of New Hampshire life, beautifully directed for the screen by Sam Wood ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips"), with Frank Craven in his stage rôle of interpreter of events. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Sept. 2. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 30-Sept. 2.)

**Pride and Prejudice**—This season's "Wuthering Heights." Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier do ample justice to Jane Austen's timeless story about the battle of the sexes. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Sept. 4.)

**Queen of Destiny**—Victoria's reign in a handsome Technicolor album of scenes, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years." Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook are the most royal of the cast. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., Aug. 29. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Aug. 30. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Sept. 2. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 2-4.)

**Susan and God**—A satirical comedy about a *Social Register* type that gets religion. With Joan Crawford and Fredric March. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Thurs., Aug. 29. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. and Sun., Aug. 31-Sept. 1. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

**When the Daltons Rode**—A quick-on-the-trigger film about the notorious Kansas outlaws. With Kay Francis, Randolph Scott, and Broderick Crawford. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Sept. 2. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 30-Sept. 2.)

## REVIVALS

**All Quiet on the Western Front** (1930)—Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Aug. 30.)

**The Awful Truth** (1937)—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Sept. 2-3. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 3-4.)

**Blockade** (1938)—Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

**Carnival in Flanders** (1936)—French film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 29.)

**Catherine the Great** (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Aug. 29.)

**Crime et Châtiment** (1935)—French film. With Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., Aug. 30-Sept. 5.)

**Fire Over England** (1937)—Vivien Leigh, Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier, and Raymond Massey. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 30-31.)

**Grand Illusion** (1938)—French film. With Jean Gabin and Eric von Stroheim. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., Aug. 30-Sept. 5.)

**The Lady Vanishes** (1938)—With Dame May Whitty. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 1-2.)

**Lost Horizon** (1937)—Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Sept. 2-3. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 3-4.)

**The Man on the Flying Trapeze** (1935)—With W. C. Fields. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 30.)

**Nine Days a Queen** (1936)—Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 3-4.)

**The Rage of Paris** (1938)—Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Aug. 30.)

**The Scarlet Pimpernel** (1935)—Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., Aug. 31. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Fri., Sept. 6.)

**Secret Agent** (1936)—Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, and Peter Lorre. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 4-6.)

**The 39 Steps** (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

**When Tomorrow Comes** (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 29.)

**Wuthering Heights** (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

**The Young in Heart** (1938)—Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Aug. 31.)

**Note**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: Four 1915 Chaplin films, Thurs., Aug. 29. Four 1916 Chaplin films, Fri., Aug. 30. "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Sat., Aug. 31. "Duck Soup," with the Marx Brothers, and "The Barber Shop," with W. C. Fields, Sun., Sept. 1. "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley, and "Blonde Crazy," with Joan Blondell and James Cagney, Mon., Sept. 2. "The General," with Buster Keaton, Tues., Sept. 3. "Wedding Bills," with Raymond Griffith, and "Big Business," with Laurel and Hardy, Wed., Sept. 4. "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, and "The Professional Patient," with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Thurs., Sept. 5. "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Fri., Sept. 6. "Grandma's Boy," with Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock Jr.," with Buster Keaton, Sat., Sept. 7.

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# THE WORLD'S FAIR

## GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area is at its best at night and keeps going *until 2 A.M.*... Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10.... The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

## TRANSPORTATION

**By Rail**—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run.... *Independent subway: best for amusement area.* Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan.... I.R.T. and B.-M.T.: Flushing trains on both lines stop at exhibit-area gate.

**By Auto**—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

**By Bus**—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

**At the Fair**—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

## ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

### MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

**Ford** (G)—Rides on elevated highways, and a field where a flock of tractors drill and till. Once an hour the Ballet Caravan dances a jaunty interpretation of how the horse has been done in by the automobile.

**Gardens on Parade** (A)—A well-arranged display of seasonal flowers, both growing and cut. Admission, 25 cents.

**General Motors** (F)—The lines waiting to get into the Futurama are frequently as incredible as the vistas of things to come shown inside. Opens at 9 A.M.

**House of Jewels** (C)—A fabulous assortment of diamonds and other precious stones awesomely displayed. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

**Masterpieces of Art** (C)—Not so brilliant as last year's show, but full of good paintings nevertheless. Some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

**Railroads** (F)—The big pageant of railroading called "Railroads on Parade," with genuine rolling stock and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents.... "Railroads in Action," an elaborate model-train show, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

**Telephones** (C)—Sooner or later everyone joins the crowd eavesdropping on visitors calling up the folks back home. A machine named the Voder defies you to say a word it can't pronounce.

**Trylon and Perisphere**—Democracity—you remember. Admission, 25 cents.

**World of Fashion** (D)—Several of the leading stores and designers hereabouts have put together an impressive display of feminine fashions and accessories. A fashion show, with models wearing the latest gowns, is presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

**Others of Interest**—At **America at Home** (C): a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers.... **American Art Today** (A): prints by twenty-six Mexican artists, including Rivera and Orozco; ninety works by members of the Sculptors' Guild; and a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, and folk art.... **Aviation** (G): a new Army pursuit plane, camouflaged and capable of 400 miles an hour, among a number of other aircraft.... **Borden's** (D): cows, apparently very happy in a luxurious setting.... **Chrysler** (F): an impudent talking Plymouth and a hint of what a rocket port might look like if we ever take to travelling by rocket.... **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of New York, with lights flashing and subways scurrying about.... **Du Pont** (D): a sober account of how chemistry produces nylon and performs other acts of alchemy.

## A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

**A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.**

... **Electric Utilities** (E): a New York street in the gaslit nineties.... **Electrified Farm** (A): turn a switch and the crops come up.... **Firestone** (G): tires manufactured while you wait, and a small zoo in a jungle setting.... **General Electric** (E): artificial lightning, real enough to scare the wits out of you, and some diverting acts of electrical prestidigitation.... **Glass Center** (D): how glass-blowers work.... **Goodrich** (F): male and female daredevil drivers risking their necks; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 2, every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.... **Hall of Inventions** (D): actual models—brain waves of the nineteenth century, mostly—from the Patent Office's collection.... **Kodak** (D): colored photographs impressively flashed on several big screens at once, and, outdoors, trick backgrounds for camera zealots to try out.... **Petroleum** (D): a full-sized oil derrick boring hundreds of feet under Flushing—so far, at least, without striking oil.... **R.C.A.** (C): what's what in television.... **Stamp Exhibit,** in the British Building (A): an unusual exhibition, including the Mauritius error, commemorating the centennial of the stick-on stamp.... **Westinghouse** (E): *an outsize robot man and his robot dog.*... **Zoological Wonders** (H): Pandora, the panda; Electra, the eel; and a flock of penguins.

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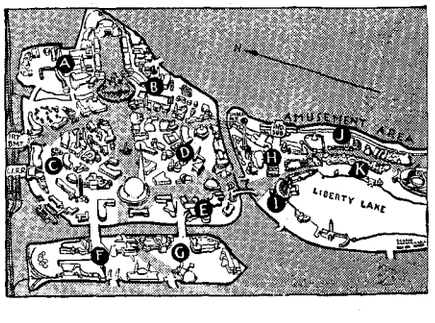
**Foreign Buildings**—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, France, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and Italy. The *pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark,* and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups.




Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

**State Exhibits**—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.

### THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

**American Jubilee** (K)—The Fair's own rather ponderous historical pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

**Aquacade** (I)—A fresh version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm heads the large cast, which includes Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

**Gay New Orleans** (H)—Michael Todd's hit—almost a Fair in itself. Restaurants and bars, and a steady round of Negro and white revues beautifully staged out of doors by Hassard Short. A midnight Mardi Gras show tops things off.

**The Streets of Paris** (H)—Another of Michael Todd's. A shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue. Gypsy Rose Lee undresses with considerable aplomb. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 2, at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

**Zombie** (J)—A tropical-island setting, something like the Beachcomber on Broadway. A rumba band plays in the garden at night.

**Some Other Places**—At **Barbary Coast** (J): the customers, ranged along a huge bar, are prodded into noisy singing by a number of musical folk.... **Dancing Campus** (I): *an outdoor dance floor* big enough for the young to cut their wildest capers; dancing from about 6 P.M. on.... **Jungleland** (J): Frank Buck holding forth with a zoo, circus, and a swarm of monkeys on a mountain.... **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village.... **Odditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people.... **Parachute Jump** (H): the 20-story drop is just as exciting as ever.... **Wall of Death** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome.... **Winter Wonderland** (J): a show on skates and *skis; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.*

## RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

**Ballantine's** (H): simple, adequate food and an outdoor bar—a handy oasis in the amusement area.... **Belgian Building** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the fireworks on the Lagoon.... **Brazilian Building** (A): a gay, lighthearted place, with dancing at dinner. Elsie Houston sings for a while during the evening.... **French Building** (A): happily, in spite of everything, they're planning to keep this well-loved restaurant open.... **Gardens on Parade** (A): a shady terrace, good, plain staples, and an admission charge, which helps thin out the crowds.... **Heineken's** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view from a veranda of the fireworks on the Lake.... **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): goulash at a standup bar and other native dishes in a smallish restaurant.... **Iraq Pavilion** (A): what's good in Arabia is good here.... **McGinnis** (C): a big, bright place for sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks.... **Norwegian Building** (B): superior *smörgåsbord* in a new dining room.... **Pabst** (K): beer-garden fare in an attractive lakeside setting.... **Polish Building** (A): *still the same fine Polish cooking,* even if the larder is now almost entirely domestic; dancing from 6 P.M. on.... **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background.... **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): the surroundings alone are enough to convert you to Chinese food.... **Swedish Building** (D): snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside.... **Swiss Building** (A): pleasantly informal, whether you eat upstairs in the restaurant or down in the garden under the maples.... **Washington Hall** (K): one of the amusement area's few places for leisurely meals *with a French influence; you're served on* a screened veranda overlooking the lake.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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# RUPPERT

## "Old Knickerbocker"

**TUNE IN** Stan Lomax Ruppert Sport Review Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday 7 P.M. WOR

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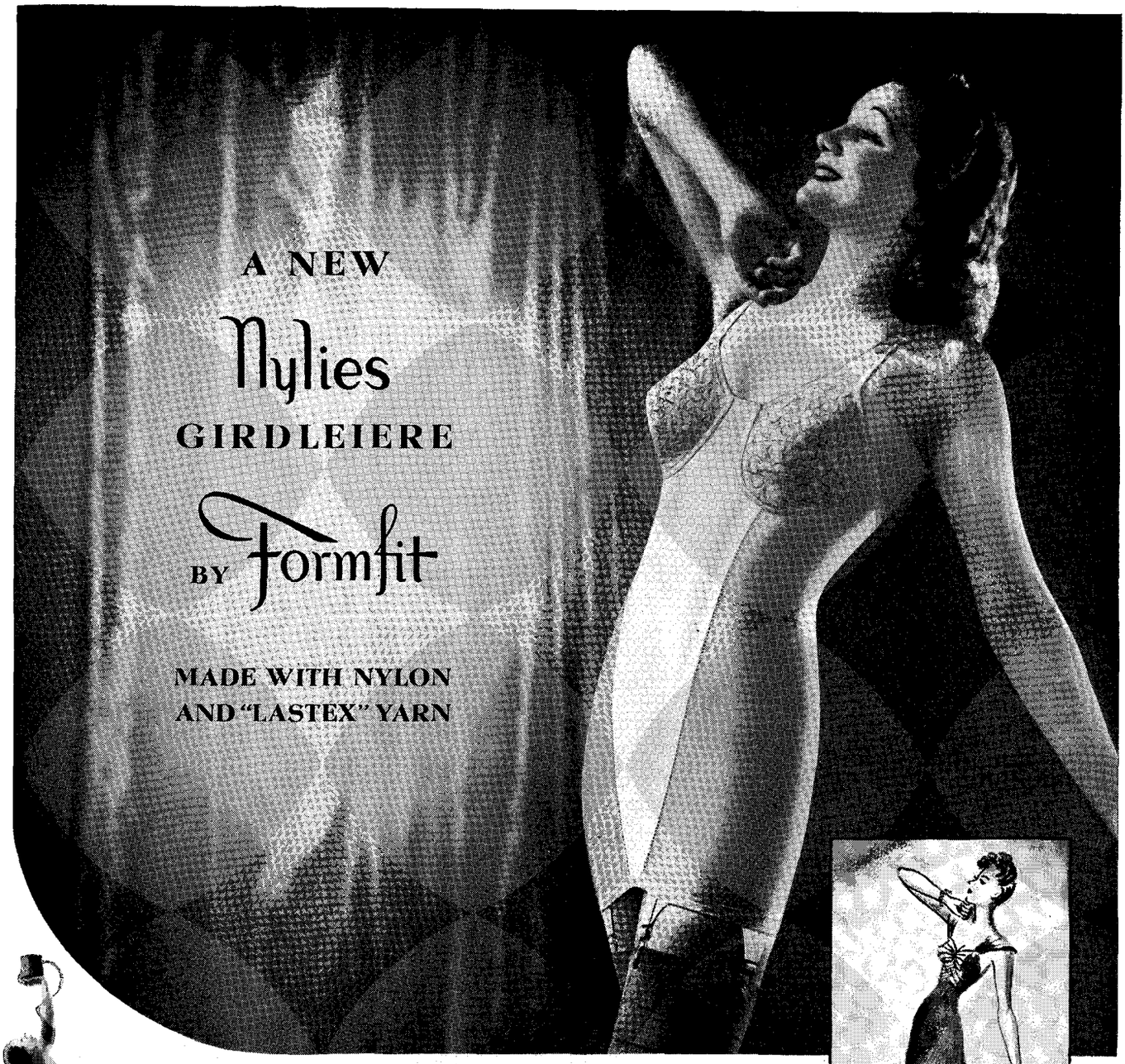

A NEW

# Nylies GIRDLEIERE

BY Formfit

MADE WITH NYLON
AND "LASTEX" YARN

## . . . and a slim figure with living room

You'll love the look, feel and fit of this Girdleiere—the advance guard of a new type of lighter, firmer corseting. It gives you the new narrow hips, the flatness before and behind that you'll need for the Fall fashions. And it lets you live and breathe and move in comfort. The front and back panels are in vertical stretch rayon satin, made with "Lastex" yarn. The side sections are in a new two-way stretch power webbing which combines Nylon and "Lastex" yarns. New type of "turnover" adjuster shoulder straps. In small, medium and large sizes, at leading stores everywhere, together with other Formfit Foundations, also made with benefit of the fourth dimension of modern corsetry.

Lastex
MADE IN U.S.A.

THE MIRACLE YARN
THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

*An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City*

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

AN eccentric friend of ours, who is going to vote for Roosevelt, wore a button with his candidate's name on it into the Harvard Club the other day at cocktail time. The reaction, he tells us, was an almost perfect example of what Hollywood calls the double-take. At first, in the cool gloom, the other members naturally assumed that our man was advertising Mr. Willkie, like a gentleman and a brother. There were smiles of companionship

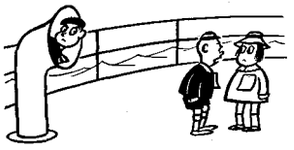
and approval, the same look of warm sympathy with which one Englishman greets another at an American cocktail party. Then the first trace of uneasiness; the second, closer glance, followed by an expression of incredulity and dismay; finally the whole face frozen into that sinister pattern which Booth Tarkington has described as the air of a duchess looking at bugs. "I got away all right," our friend said, obviously still shaken by his ghastly experience, "but for a while there it looked like a damn close thing."

THE democracy peculiar to an election year begins to make itself felt in factories and offices everywhere. A cozy fellowship, a recognition of common tastes and interests, an atmosphere of casual banter spring up between the inner sanctum and the machine shop. Typical of all this is a letter which happens to be from a Johnstown, Pa., executive to his employees:

> Can you spare a little for the cause? If you're disposed to give, I'll suggest a 25-cent minimum.... As your employer, please understand that this letter carries no threat.... We have been too long associated ... for you not to know that this firm recognizes your full privilege to throw arguments for Willkie back into the firm's teeth.

We wish we worked in a shop so that we could exploit such a situation to the limit. As it is, we have to be content with submitting our idea to any shop hands who may read this page. Urge all your fellows, we suggest, to drop in on the boss singly and in small groups for the purpose of casual chats on politics. Always introduce these chats with the offer of a cheap cigar, and conclude them by soliciting a minimum contribution of twenty-five dollars. Keep on doing this until Election Day. It's a free country and this is your right under the law, so long as you don't employ any threats, direct or indirect. Get to work on this right away, before the old baboon starts his visits to you. Let us know how you make out.

IT is an axiom with most organizers that people will believe anything they can be made to say over and over, especially if they say it in unison and at the top of their lungs. Last week, however, a pathetic and dignified little mutiny against such tactics took place on the high seas. The story came to light when the Samaria arrived in New York, bringing a couple of hundred English children, most of whom had no place to go when they got here. "We all had to stand and make responses," one of the children said, pulling a reporter aside. "When someone would stand up and shout, 'Are we downhearted?' the proper response was 'No!' Well, we'd see each other now and then and we'd ask quietly, 'Are we downhearted?' and we'd say quietly, 'Yes.' " As we see it, the flaw in this method of making homelessness lighthearted was that the children were allowed to speak to each other quietly, without proper supervision. This is a dangerous omission, and the really successful organizers of the day would never permit it. A watchful monitor at the porthole; a young listener, loyal to the nurses and the governesses, hidden in a lifeboat; a dictaphone cunningly concealed under a crib—and soon the sad, subversive truth would exist only in the rare moments when a



child could get off by himself for a bit, and think in total silence.

WITH the first chill in the air last week, we read an item that almost sent us winging south, like a duck. Rays and chemicals, we were told, were being brought to bear on trees to make them grow faster and faster, so that they could be cut down for lumber while they were still of pre-kindergarten age. Not in a long time has science made a contribution more frightful and out of joint. The great need of the world today—or, at least, *our* great need—is a ray or chemical that will cause less and less to happen, more and more slowly, in ever-diminishing quantities. Since the dawn of history there has probably never been so extravagant an excess of things happening within the span of a single season. What this can do to the mind of a spectator we learned the other day at first hand. Reading of some archeologists who had dug up Indian arrowheads at Bear Mountain, we had the feeling that far away and long ago we ourself had had something to do with those arrowheads. Concentrating fiercely, we got a picture of a man who looked like us standing in a sunny meadow, watching some such treasure being lowered into a hole in the ground. After a while, the meadow began to grow familiar, but the time still belonged to another age. It was several minutes before we got it—the burial of the Time Capsule out at the Fair.

THOUSANDS of the dismal little honeymoons are over now, and thousands of dismal little truths are

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*"I'd feel so much easier, dear, if you'd put on your gloves."*

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beginning to come out in two-and-a-half-room suites all over the land. The hair is falling out of its impermanent wave, the egg is hardening on the wedding tie, the conversation is beginning to repeat, the eye beginning to wander. Thousands of strangers are becoming stranger and stranger to one another as the breakfasts multiply, and other thousands are drawing closer together with less and less affection. In another time the thoughts of the male would in the natural course of events have turned to the Foreign Legion; today they have only to drift as far as Washington. When and if the call to duty comes, we believe the rush to arms will be overwhelming —more overwhelming even than was the rush to the Marriage License Bureau.

## *Just in Case*

A GRISLY travel note has just come our way, concerning transoceanic airplanes. A news photographer tells us that it is customary for the papers in both New York and San Francisco to get pictures, if possible, of all the passengers embarking on the Clippers. It's rather interesting, he says, to see the responses among the travellers to requests to pose. Some are delighted, and immediately oblige. Others refuse, quite snappishly. These are the experienced travellers, who know that the pictures are being taken just in case, and will not be used if all goes well during the flight.

## *Chat with a Sailor*

APARTMENT 4C, 125 Riverside Drive, was where we were the other night. We were the guest of Randall Larson, a young Standard Oil office worker, who lives there with his family and whose hobby is communicating by blinker with the signalmen of warships anchored in the Hudson. Larson's instrument is a light bulb which is flashed on and off by a telegraph key. This particular evening, we were in touch with the Wyoming. The signalman, being informed by Larson that a journalist was present, introduced himself as Carsey Tippett of Raleigh, North Carolina, signalman, third class, twenty years old, and three years a sailor. "He misspelled 'Raleigh,' " Larson told us, winking away. The Wyoming winked back. "Says it was just a slip," Larson said. Just then a hail came from the street below—"Dirty Nazi *spy!*" Looking down, we could see a tiny figure flouncing around the corner in the direction of Broadway. It looked as if it might be going for a cop, and it was, too; but that comes later.

Continuing our blinker interview with Signalman Tippett, we found that he rated New York second only to New Orleans as a shore-leave town, but that he had no favorite rendezvous—"Just the nearest bar when I go ashore," he said, adding, "I like to go to Times Square, though, and get into society." Tippett said he knew girls here, too. There is a particular one he thinks a lot of. "She's mine while I am here, I think," he blinked, fervidly. In what seemed to us a gesture of complete trust, he told us her name and address, which we will *not* print. "She's a brunette," he went on, warming up to an evidently favorite subject. "I never go for blondes. Sings on some radio program, I never thought to ask her which." Asked his opinion about the war, he blinked, "We are just like you fellows. Don't know, and some of us don't care. Just as soon fight as not." With this reassuring statement, he signed off, and we settled down for a talk with Larson.

Larson, who is now nineteen, has known the Morse code for eight years —learned it with his brother, over a room-to-room wireless set. That was before he moved to the Drive. This summer, when ships were anchored near the apartment, he noticed that they were exchanging unprofessional chitchat: "Have a good time last night?" and the like. He signalled "Hello" with a flashlight, and got several answers which ripened into acquaintanceships. He built his present equipment because a flashlight hurts his thumb during prolonged conversations. Larson told us that there are half a dozen local amateur signalmen who communicate with ships by flashlight. One is a girl in her teens, name of Beth. Larson has two pretty sisters, who know the Morse code but will have nothing to do with sailors. Once one of the girls caught him jokingly making a date for her with a signalman. She seized the key and blinked, "Pay no attention to my brother." This evidently piqued the signalman, who called up the next time he was ashore. He got Randall's father,

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and was *he* piqued! Life is gay along the waterfront these days.

About the cop. He appeared from the elevator, just as we were leaving. "Been a complaint," he said. He went into the Larson apartment, looked uncertainly at the key and blinker, and asked if the battleships replied. "Sure," Larson said. "Guess it's all right," the cop said, "but I'll have to take your names, in case." He jotted down the information, and took his leave, remarking apologetically, "There's so much highsteria these days." We went down in the elevator with the cop, and found a biggish group standing around the patrol car. They all seemed disappointed to find that we weren't in custody. Out in the river, the Wyoming started to signal. We like to think it was Signalman Tippett again, rhapsodizing about his special girl friend, the radio singer.

## *Scoop*

JUST in case you don't follow the Budapest *Magyarság*, a pro-Nazi newspaper, we'll tell you the story it printed about Father Coughlin a couple of weeks ago. Better, we'll quote it: "Father Coughlin, the world-famed radio preacher, has been in jail for two months, nobody knows where. His imprisonment caused a sensation, because the genial Father is the most popular personality in America. His Sunday radio sermons used to be carried over 21 stations. In them, with the vigor of a Savonarola, he scored World Plutocracy. His revelations about the vices of American high society were a bombshell, and gave him enormous publicity." The official registry of foreign correspondents in this country includes no representative of the *Magyarság*. The fellow who brought this story to our notice thinks it originated in Berlin, and we think he's right.

## *Willkie Buttons*

THERE are only three Willkie buttons officially sponsored by the national organization—"We Want Willkie," "Willkie and McNary," and "No Third Term." Eight million of these are on order at various button foundries, the greater part of the work being done by the Bastian Brothers Company, of Rochester, which is now turning out a hundred and fifty thousand a day. The Republican organization does not discourage local committees or private parties from circulating unofficial buttons. A popular unofficial button is one reading "I Am a Democrat Voting for Willkie." A Mr. Burton, of Burton Brothers & Co. (cotton goods, New York), has presented the Republicans with ten thousand buttons, half reading "Democrats and Republicans Vote for Willkie," the other half "Republicans and Democrats Vote for Willkie." This protects the feelings of all but the Roosevelt Democrats.

At Willkie headquarters, a Mr. Oppenheimer, chief button-and-trinket man for the campaign, told us that the designs for the three official buttons had been winnowed from a hundred and sixty-seven suggestions of varying merit. Several people were simultaneously inspired to suggest a fairly obvious rebus: the syllable "Will," a picture of a key, and the slogan "Fits the White House." Or at any rate the suggestion came in simultaneously from several people. The committee decided that this might be a little too difficult for some Republicans. Other rejected ideas on Mr. Oppenheimer's desk were "It's a *Great* Tradition—No Third Term" and "It's Smart to Win with Willkie."

Traditionally, buttons aren't put out in quantity until just before election, and have never, before the current campaign, been considered very important. Nowadays, for some reason, people are clamoring for them. And not only buttons, either. Willkie headquarters is prepared to issue at cost, or tell local Willkie clubs where they can buy, Willkie neckties, with both Willkie and elephant prints; paper napkins, for Willkie barbecues; cigarette packages; matches which pull out of the folder already lighted; Willkie-and-McNary cowbells, to tinkle out the new freedom; pictures of Willkie and/or McNary on steel, glass, wood, and cardboard; Willkie chewing gum, in several delicious flavors which may or may not last; paper caps; and a practical kite bearing this message: "Benjamin Franklin kite drew lightning at Philadelphia in 1752. Wendell Willkie was nominated there on an historic morning in June, 1940." Of this last confection, Mr. Oppenheimer said, rather inexplicably, "It's for poor people."

Playing fair, we looked in at Demo-

*"Just a minute, Miss O'Halloran. Was the old woman in a shoe married?"*

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cratic headquarters, to find out what they were doing about buttons. The publicity staff more or less admitted that the Democrats had been caught flat-footed. "We haven't even picked out the designs, so how can we have the buttons?" one of them said, gloomily. Probably the official list will include buttons with a blue "Roosevelt" on a white background, and some with "Carry On" superimposed over the initials F.D.R. It will take a couple of weeks to get them made, though. Meanwhile, all Roosevelt buttons are unofficial.

## *For Art's Sake*

THOSE nine Walter Wanger artists who painted nine Walter Wanger paintings for the promotion of Walter Wanger's production of O'Neill's "The Long Voyage Home" have already received far too much attention from the press, but we can't resist the story one of them told us about the party that Edward G. Robinson gave for them out on the Coast. The nine artists set out for the party in a mood of high anticipation, nudging each other and saying things like "Me for Ann Sheridan." Well, it didn't turn out to be that kind of party at all. The guests were married couples who talked determinedly about Art. Later in the evening Mr. Robinson offered his apologies. He would have produced some starlets, he said, only he couldn't think of nine starlets who knew anything about art.

## *Idol of Paris*

HENRY BERNSTEIN is at the Waldorf, where we found him pacing his living room in brand-new shoes. His suit was also new. "I have started my ready-made suits," he said. "I left everything behind. I came here with a small handbag. I have not got a document." He has no idea what has happened to his Paris theatre, a handsome building opened with his latest play, "Elvire," which dealt with the despair of refugees from Hitlerism. He kept it running until the Germans were almost to Paris. The Germans had broadcast that they were going to horsewhip the author, but he started southward in time, got a boat from Bordeaux to England, and sailed for New York a few days later. He was suffering from an abscess on his arm when he arrived, and went straight to the Medical Center, where he stayed a week. He was O.K. when we saw him, handling several incoming telephone calls with the nimbleness of a well man.

Bernstein is sixty-four years old and six feet three, and he told us that he is generally compared, in appearance, to an eagle but prefers to think of himself as a lion. He spells "Henry" with a "y," which is not unusual in France, but the papers here are generally careful to get it wrong. Twenty-seven of his plays have been produced, nearly all dealing with relationships between the sexes; for forty years he has been the idol of the Paris theatre. "I wrote several plays about adultery when I was thirteen," he told us, "but not from personal experience." His father was a businessman and art connoisseur, and had his son's portrait done by Manet when the boy was six. Manet and the Bernsteins were neighbors at Versailles in the summer, and Manet used to paint battledores for Henry. When he was fifteen, Bernstein published a pamphlet attacking a schoolmate over a girl and then challenged him to a duel. Bernstein didn't fight that duel, but he subsequently fought twelve others with swords or pistols and in one case (Bernstein vs. Léon Daudet) with both. He won eleven of these but doesn't care to discuss them. No fatalities. In the last war, Bernstein acted as an interpreter with British troops and later flew as a military observer in Macedonia.

Bernstein's first produced play was written when he was twenty-one, shortly after a period of study at Cambridge, where, with the help of a moneylender, he had set up a racing stable. He himself rode and on one occasion won a race at Cottenham. His second play, "Le Détour," was a big success but failed to impress his mother. She had been widowed when Henry was twenty, and wanted him to be a historian. Charles Boyer, who acted in several Bernstein productions, is thinking of reviving his "Mélo" in California, and if he does, Bernstein may direct it. He may also write a play here based on his recent experiences. "I have always been against art's being interfered with by events," he said, "but I don't see how a human being can abstract himself from events today." Bernstein has been in this country several times and likes everything except the mosquitoes. "There are no mosquitoes in France," he stated sweepingly, not mentioning the gnats at Biarritz. When we talked to him, he was considering an invitation to visit Mrs. Sidney Howard at Bar Harbor but was worried about the mosquitoes. While here, he has seen a good deal of Gilbert Miller, Robert Sherwood, and the Lunts. The museum set up by Mr. Miller's father-in-law, Jules Bache, contains a Goya which once belonged to Bernstein. He sold it long ago, during a period of financial embarrassment. Such periods have been frequent. He used to lose money at baccarat, but reformed and lost it in the market. "Today I am in no position to gamble," he said. "I intend to publish my memoirs. I've lost everything. I don't want to lose my past." Bernstein is a grandson of William Seligman, who was the W. of the Wall Street firm of J. & W. Seligman & Co., his father having married Mr. Seligman's daughter Ida in Paris, and he has met a number of second cousins here. "They seem nice," he said, "although short. I was rather disappointed in their size."

## *Formal Service*

A MAN on a motor tour of the West stopped at an undistinguished roadside diner, and was surprised to find his ham and eggs served on a plate bearing the seal of the Hill School, of which, as it happens, he is an alumnus. The man in the diner had no idea whatever where the plate came from. "It was here when I bought the joint," he said. "I always use it when someone with class comes in."

## *Hostess*

ONE of the very latest triumphs of science is the Automatic Hostess, a large, glittering, gaily lighted phonograph-music machine, or juke box, as these things are known now. It is making its Eastern début modestly in certain taverns and hot spots in Brooklyn, and we went over there in the interests of art and journalism. You drop a nickel, a

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dime, or a quarter into the machine (for one, two, or five selections), address an invisible girl through a microphone, listen to her through a loudspeaker, and arrange what selections are going to be played, popular or classical. She is in a central record-playing studio hooked up to the Hostess through the agency of the New York Telephone Company. For a nickel extra, you may have a number dedicated—orally, by the young lady over the loudspeaker—to anyone on the premises, probably frightening the dedicatee into temporary teetotalism.

After some preliminary observation of one of the Hostesses in its habitat, we called at the A.M.I. (Automatic Musical Instrument) Distributing Company's headquarters at 959 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, having arranged things by telephone with James Toman, general manager. Visitors are permitted to enter the A.M.I. studio only on Mr. Toman's authorization, to avoid the possibility of his Hostesses' hospitality being more than automatic. The machines were developed in Chicago and at the time of our call had been in operation in Brooklyn for seven weeks. In the near future installations are to be made in Manhattan. That must be regarded as inevitable. The studio with which the Hostesses connect is a large room containing twenty phonograph turntables, a library of eight hundred records, and two telephone switchboards, each capable of handling ten Hostesses. Six young ladies, chosen for their appealing voices and switchboard experience, work on eight-hour shifts, from 8 A.M. to 4 A.M. A girl named Lillian, with a lovely voice and a pencil in her hair, was at one board when we dropped in. She told us, between trips to the turntables, that the most popular number among the Brooklyn clients is "I'll Never Smile Again." This seems to have a wide appeal to solitary drinkers. Lillian also reported a strong interest in classical items, mentioning specifically "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen." "Don't forget," said Mr. Toman, who was present, "this here 'Barber of Seville' and this here 'Blue Danube Waltz.'" Mr. Toman told us that the places where the Hostesses are installed get twenty-five per cent of the proceeds and that he regards the machines as mechanical marvels. He pointed out to us a Treasure Box model, remarking that it is "absolutely almost one-hundred-per-cent slugproof."

The young ladies in the studio are expected to adopt a friendly but a not-too-forward attitude in their dealings with music-lovers. They must make pert, prompt answers to such stock inquiries as "What color is your hair?," "Are you married?," and "Can *you* sing?" Some of them can, but they don't. Several of the girls can already identify a few steady patrons by the sound of their voices, and one operator is now invariably given a remote good-night kiss by an habitué of a distant saloon. The girls are not allowed to accept offers of would-be hosts to buy them drinks at the bars they talk to, but they are allowed to further other people's romances. While we were there, in fact, an incoming male voice asked Lillian to dedicate a ditty to "the little girl at the end of the bar in a blue dress," and Lillian did so. When the selection ended, Lillian asked if the little girl had liked her dedication, and after a pause a happy feminine voice reported, "Yes, *sir!*"

*"And you, Herr General, will prepare a portable replica of the George Washington Bridge."*

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## *Reproof*

A MAN who had occasion to take a taxicab at the corner of Lexington and Fifty-seventh the other day found three cabs angled in at the curb, each one obviously attempting to claim the first call. He got into one of the cabs, whereupon the drivers of the other two edged up ominously to his driver, with such remarks as "Howja like to get your mush pushed in?" and "You rat!" The lucky driver held up a calming hand. "Let's not talk like this in front of a customer," he said. "We can discuss it later."

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*"You look lovely tonight. Tell me, what soap do you use?"*

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# HEALER FROM THE BRONX

BELLA GROSS pushed her way past the people ascending the staircase leading to the hurricane deck, brushed by the promenading excursionists, gay in their summer clothes, and headed for her friends—the members of the Excelsior Social Club, herded near the rail of the Hudson River steamer.

Although it was at least a full hour before noon, Jennie Gershkorn was already munching on a corned-beef sandwich. "Honestly, Billie," she said, her jaws moving like pistons, "we started in worrying about you. Parm my full mouth, but dijja finey manage to locate where Mr. Max Fine, your chomming escort, disappeared to?"

"Yeah," said Bella. "He's sitting up there on that deck all alone by himself and he's—" She stopped, and turned to Leon Blatt, who had just consumed a Popsicle and was now busy scraping its stick with his tongue. "What's the name fomm that deck again?"

"The poop deck," he said.

"Yeah. Mac's got a lotta papers and ledgers all spread out on a chair, and up and down his pencil is going like a regella machine. Finey I says to him—" She checked herself, frowned, and looked severely at Mr. Blatt. "You know, Leon, I don't like that expression, the poop deck. I dunno, but to me it's very vulgar like."

"Don't blame me, Billie," said Leon, shrugging his shoulders. "After all, I din invent the expression."

"Here, Billie, have a sannwich," said Jennie, digging into a cardboard shoe box. "I'm on a highly strick diet, but when it comes to corn-beef sannwiches I simply haven't got the strennth to resist. Go on, Billie, take. They're so delicious, the sannwiches, you got no idear."

Bella rejected the proferred food with a shake of her head. "Gee, was I mad!" she said. "I says to him, 'Listen, Mac, how'd you like s'pose you invited me to some formal affair, let's say, and alluva sudden you turn around and there I am in the mist of the lobby taking dictation fomm somebody or other while the resta the gang are out there on the floor dancing around? You wouldn't like that the lease bit, I assure you,' I says to him. 'So why not gimme the same courtesy?' Gee, did I lace it into him!"

"Them bookkeepers!" Nettie Portnow looked up from the funnies she held outspread before her. "Sundays mean positively nothing to them. They certainey hafta work hard fa their money."

"Oh, Mac isn't a bookkeeper," Jennie hastened to explain. "He's an accountant. Believe me, someday he's gonna occupy a very prominent notch in the C.P.A. field. Right, Billie?"

Bella nodded. "Yeah, someday! In the meanwhile, though, he's adding up columns in seven, eight figgers on somebody else's books, but when it comes to a question fomm his own monetary matters—you know, money—then it's a horse fomm a diffrint color."

Jennie's attention was caught by an approaching figure. "Speak of the devil and he's sure to appear! Squatty voo, Mac," she said, patting the canvas seat of a deck chair.

Max Fine grinned pleasantly, unburdened himself of a zippered briefcase and some ledgers, and sat down. "Well, by rights I should still be working on my entries, but a committee of one, namely Miss Billie Gross, requested my presence and so here I be."

"I just told Billie it's a shame you gotta work on Sundays," said Nettie, putting her newspaper down.

"Oh, I don't mind it," Max said. "In fact, I—"

"He simply adores figgers," interrupted Bella. "Honestly, to him, bookkeeping—"

"Parm me, Billie—accountancy."

"I stand corrected, Mac—accountancy. Well, that's to him like spaghetti is to somebody who's Eyetalian by persuasion. Know what I mean, Jen?"

"Oh, surely! He likes it—the figgers, I mean."

Bella, her good humor now fully restored, smiled at her escort. "Say, Mac, s'posing you tell the bunch what happened at the house, a week ago Friday night I think it was." He looked at her blankly. "You know," she prompted, "while you were waiting I should get dressed—the phone book."

"Oh! Oh, that!" He sat up and quickly came to life. "Well, while I was sitting in Billie's parlor waiting she should get dressed, I sit there when lo and behold—"

"He sees the phone book," said Bella, impatient with his version of the tale. "The book was on the tabouray—you know, the little table. So, without any rhyme nor reason, he takes out his pencil, opens a page, and he calmly starts in to add up the telephone numbers on the page. Now, hoddeya like that?"

"*Meshugeh* upstairs!" Jennie laughed and tapped her forehead.

"I was halfway down the second column when—" Max said.

Again Bella snatched the story from him. "When I come into the room and I could hardly believe my eyes. Finey I says to him, 'Mac Fine, honestly, if there's any figgers around, your nose is bound to be knee-deep in them.'"

"Well, Billie," Max philosophized, "after all, that's my game. To you stenoggaphy is your game, and natchelly, when a person is inarrested in a special subjeck, natchelly he, or they, as the case happens to be—well, natchelly they are inarrested in that subjeck."

"They say too much of one thing is awways bad fa a person," Francey Frompkin said.

"No joking, Mac, you oughta take it easy," urged Bella, concern in her voice.

"Listen, you think I don't want to?" Max asked. "Believe me, I like to enjoy myself the same like any other Tom, Dick, or Harry. When it comes to a boat trip or a pitnick, I wanna be the first to participate in the festivities." He paused to heave a sigh. "Unfortunately there happens to be an old saying, 'Business before pleasure.' If I din take care of the books like I should, you know what would be my consequences? My firm would gimme the gate!"

"But, gee whiz, Mac, after all, Sunday is s'posed to be the day of rest."

"Absolutely!" said Jennie. "That's why we get Sundays off fomm work."

"Parm me fa conterdicting," Max said, "but it happens not to work that way with certain professions. Frankly, Billie, you know how I look upon my work? Accountancy, I mean," he quickly added.

"How, Mac?" she asked.

"You take the other professions. Take medicine, finstance, where a man has his degree, M.D.—you know, Doctor of Medicine. O.K. So I happen to be a professional type man, too. My degree is C.P.A.—Certified Public Accountant."

"We know that," Bella said impatiently. "That's ancient history."

"Please, Billie!" He frowned in disapproval. "In medicine," he went on, "you got internes who are breaking in to be doctors. Well, in accountancy you got young fellas they are serving their clerkship. Now, internes and clerks, they got certain jobs to do, a regella routine like. They prepare the groundwork and get evveything set. But when it comes

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# THE SAROYAN PRIZES, 1900–1940

Having been awarded prizes,
Ribbons, money, honors, invitations,
And other things,
I, William Saroyan,
Born August 31, 1908,
In Fresno, California;
Student at Emerson Public School
On L Street, between San Benito and Santa Clara;
Holder of the First Prize for Street Sales,
The Fresno *Evening Herald*, 1917;
Twice Winner of the Around-the-Block Race, 1918;
Founder, Manager, and Boss of Henry-and-
Willie's Empty Lot for Sons of Armenians,
Assyrians, and Other Immigrants;
Winner of Highest Third-Grade Binet-Simon Intelligence Rating,
"Far Above Average, Although Poor at Arithmetic;"
Official Letter-Writer to Mayor Toomey
For the Fifth Grade;
Speaker at the First Meeting
Of the Parent-Teachers' Association;
Singer of "The River Shannon;"
Author of "How I Earned My First Dollar;"
First to Dive from the Oak Tree
Into Thompson Ditch at Malaga;
First to Climb Guggenheim's Water Tank
And Drop a Cat;
Most Frequent Visitor of the Public Library;
Borrower of the Most and Best Books;
First Reader of the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin;
First to Subscribe to Lionel Strongfort's
Body-Building Course;
Holder of the Certificate for Freehand Penmanship;
Fastest Postal Telegraph Messenger
In the San Joaquin Valley, 1921,
And Other Things Too Recent
Or Too Numerous to Mention,
Award:

To the leaders of the English, French,
German, Italian, Spanish, Russian,
Jewish, Japanese, Chinese, Balinese,
Arab, Afghan, African, American,
And all other peoples,

For their superhuman acceptance
And extension of stupidity,
Lying, and conniving
As a basis for correct human behavior—

11¢.

To all soldiers, excepting professionals,

For their skill at marching,
And for their pathetic faith
In killing and dying for nonsense,
Or at least for nothing they can understand—

One cancelled air-mail stamp.

To all intellectuals,

For the effectiveness with which
They have introduced the truths and beauties
Of art into life
And saved the living from disgrace—

One plugged nickel.

To the Church, in all its variations,

For its noble influence everywhere—

One oyster-shell button.

To you, for being fond of me—

Any prize you like,
Any colored ribbon,
Any amount of money,
Whatever honor you please,
An open invitation,
My typewriter, my cornet, my bicycle,
All my letters from important people,
All my prizes, ribbons, medals, honors, awards,
As well as the things you care about.

—WILLIAM SAROYAN

• •

to a serious operation, ah, that's something entirely diffrint! That's something that's not in the interne's department."

"Of course not," said Jennie. "You call in a specialist or else a professor. Right, Mac?"

"Right," he agreed. "Well, the same thing is true with my profession." He picked up a ledger, opened a page at random, and traced a column of figures with his index finger. "See these figgers? Well, in my profession the bookkeepers and the clerks, they are like my internes, getting evveything ready I should look it over. They do the preliminary work, but who cures up the patient? The expert, the doctor! See?"

"Yeah." If Bella's attitude toward her escort at this point wasn't completely reverential, it was at least respectful.

"Now, you take the patient who happens to be sick," Max said. "You think that just because Sunday is the day of rest fa normal people, the germs too are gonna take a day of rest?" He smiled indulgently. "I'm afraid the germs don't function that way. That means the patient is gonna be sick on Sunday too, and that means the doctor, he's gotta work on Sunday too. Comprehend?"

"Oh, that I comprehend very much," said Bella. "The one thing I don't comprehend is what those books gotta do with medicine."

"O.K.," said Mr. Fine, "then lemme elucidate."

"I wish you would." Bella drew her deck chair closer to him. "It's very inarresting so far, Mac."

"Well, a doctor looks over a man's body, if you'll parm my frankness, and he can tell the patient what's wrong with him. The same with me. I examine the books and I give them a very thorough analysis and checkup. O.K. So certain books are sick, let's say. So I'm the doctor and it's my duty to rectify the sickness or else my client's business is gonna get all bollixed up and, just like a doctor might lose a patient, I might, God fabbid, lose my client. Get what I mean?"

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Understanding now lit Bella's features. "You mean your client's business is all bollixed up?" She stared hard at the ledgers at his feet. "And you gotta give him like first aid, huh, Mac?"

He quickly snapped the open book shut and spoke somewhat coldly. "I'm sorry, Billie, but that's a question I simply can't give you the answer."

"You mean you don't know?" Jennie gaped at him incredulously. "Go on!"

"I mean a man's books is to me like what a patient is to a doctor," Max said with dignity. "It's strickly unethical I should discuss a case outside the awfice on account that violates a professional secret. I assure you it's nothing personal, Billie," he said, turning to her. "It's just strickly a question fomm ethics."

"Oh, of course, Mac. Parm me, but I—I just din know."

"Well, folks," he said, unzipping his briefcase and removing several sheets of foolscap paper, "if you'll all kindly excuse, I'll continue resuming my work. Just go ahead, evveybody, and don't mind me."

AS Max Fine mulled over a chart punctuated with numerals, Bella studied him, speculating on what married life with him would be like. Why, she thought, it would be almost like being a—a doctor's wife! There would undoubtedly be constant requests for his services. Meals would be interrupted by telephone calls urgently demanding his presence. Perhaps there would be a night light over his bed. She imagined a frenzied call coming some night when both of them would be fast asleep—the sharp, insistent ringing of the bell; her getting up to shake (ever so gently!) the sleeping figure in the other bed; "Dr." Max Fine yawning and grumbling as, half asleep, he groped for his clothes; and his wife placing his instruments (pens, rulers, ledgers, etc.) into his briefcase and kissing him tenderly before he drove off on his errand of mercy.

Oblivious of Jennie's steady stream of chatter, Bella Gross daydreamed on, completely unaware of the affectionate smile which flickered on her face as she stroked Max Fine's free arm.

—ARTHUR KOBER

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**DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION**

[*From the Cincinnati Enquirer*]

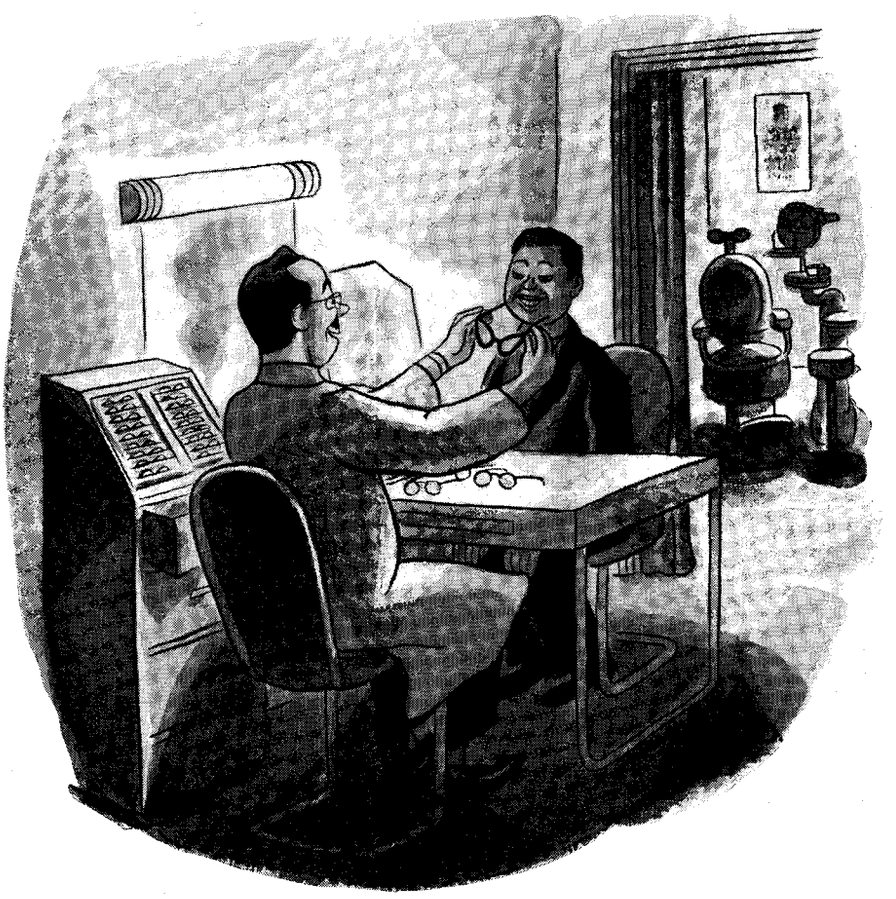
Others to be heard in guest spots will be Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, who in real life are Mr. and Mrs. Carole Lombard, Robert Young, and Ralph Bellamy.

# AS THE FRUITFUL VINE

LUCY GRANT had to admit that none of the big moments of her life had really come up to expectations. Something had always missed fire somewhere. When she thought back to all the memorable occasions of her twenty-five years, they greeted her with the identical damp, depressing fizzle of squibs which hadn't performed quite according to schedule. Her childhood was littered with these disappointments, her adolescence offered example after example of the budding and wilting of bright hopes. There had been the time, for instance, of her graduation from Oxford with honors, a proud moment entirely overshadowed by her elder sister's engagement to a more than satisfactory suitor. It was amazing how often Valerie had been responsible for the damping and wilting process. Of course, it couldn't be said that she had anything to do with directing the limelight away from Lucy at Lucy's own wedding. That was the fault of the war, which made it necessary for her and Philip Grant to get married quietly during one of his hurried leaves, without any of the trimmings of gold braid, crossed swords, fluttering bridesmaids, and admiring friends to which she had looked forward. Although naturally she was blissfully happy, she couldn't help being a little regretful.

After a few days' honeymoon, Philip had to rejoin his ship, and it was with the greatest astonishment that Lucy discovered in due course that she was going to have a baby. It seemed less like a marital than a botanical incident, the result of a chance brush between a bee and a flower. This discovery of motherhood ought to have been stirring, but again a big moment didn't quite come off. Paternity would catch up with Philip somewhere in the West Indies or the Mediterranean or wherever Lucy's startled letter reached him; his reply would reach her long after any emotions which she might have been feeling at the moment of writing his letter had passed. To be truthful, those emotions were not overpowering. It was difficult to work up emotion over a tender secret which had to be shouted to a bee who was now winging his way God knows where. Once more, Lucy felt, life had treated her cruelly.

The way in which her family received the news was also as she might have ex-



*"Let's try these."*

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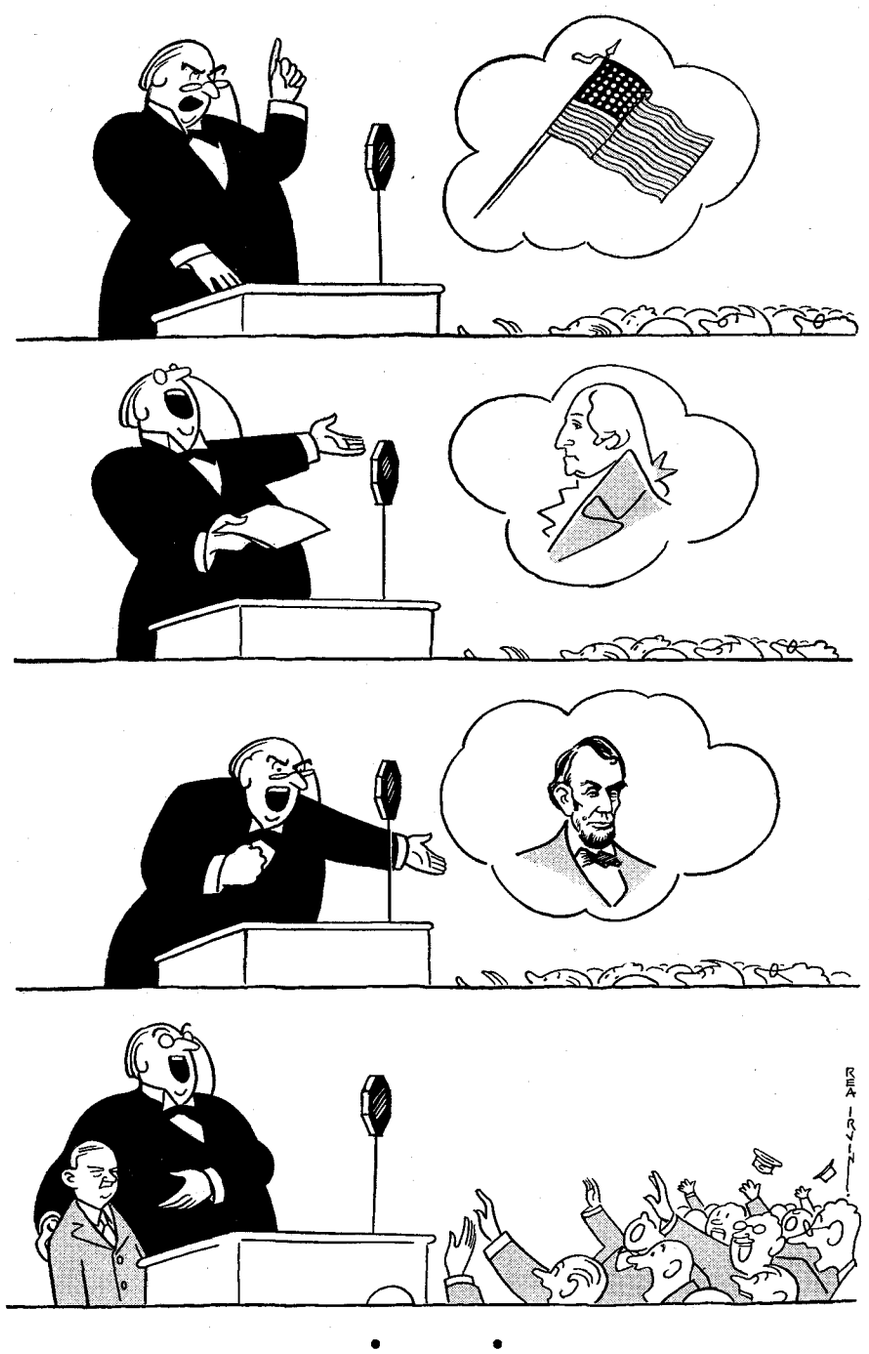


pected. Her parents, instead of raising an excited to-do about the first grandchild, did not try to hide the fact that they considered 1940 an inauspicious year for babies. "You might," said her mother reproachfully, "have waited." Lucy had imagined her weeping a little and immediately setting to work on something complicated in fuzzy pink Angora, but both these impulses were out of date in a world where the bombs were already dropping fast. In her mother's day a pregnant woman spent a good deal of time on a sofa, thinking beautiful thoughts and resolutely avoiding unpleasant ones; people took care not to speak of anything shocking or violent in front of her. Nowadays shocking things turned up on the doorstep with the morning paper; violence was likely to crash out of a summer sky on a woman who could move only slowly and who was not as spry as usual at throwing herself on her face in the gutter. Belatedly, Lucy's mother explained, "Of course, I'm glad, darling. It's only that I wish you'd chosen a happier time—you and Philip." The anxious lines settling deeper round her eyes, she said, "I'm sure Philip would want you to be very careful, Lucy dear. Don't bother to read too many papers, and don't listen to that horrible wireless more than you need. All you've got to think about from now on is keeping well and cheerful and having a healthy, beautiful baby." It seemed only a step from there to a few cozy tears and a chat about pink Angora, but her courageous Coué broke down miserably. "Daddy and I think that you'd better move out of that flat," she said. "It's got no air-raid shelter at all." Her worried eyes told Lucy that she didn't really believe all that smooth stuff about having a healthy, beautiful baby. She believed only in terror and a grandson who would always be slightly queer because he was born, as people would whisper significantly, during one of the worst air bombardments of the war.

Lucy found that her friends reacted to the news in the same way. Women's eyes had a habit of sliding past her with a clairvoyant look; in that brief, unguarded second between smiles her friends listened only too plainly to ghostly bombs crashing. Although she was feeling remarkably well, their manner assumed that she was a stretcher case already. She had hoped to have fun discussing layettes and possible names, but so far as she could see, the spectacle of an expectant young mother with a gas mask thumping against her ribs turned the thoughts of observers to deep shelters rather than to organdie. Aunts who had always been fonder of Valerie now kissed Lucy with mournful affection and asked her to stay with them in the country. "London at this time of year is so hot and dusty," they put it delicately. Lucy began to feel like a housemaid who had gone wrong and was being treated with inflexible kindness by some charitable organization. After she gave up the flat and moved home, to please her mother, there was a conspiracy to keep any news of naval losses from her, since the clairvoyant friends knew that something was bound to happen to Philip. She arrived home one afternoon to find her mother, white and tremulous, hovering over a telegram which turned out to be from a cousin who was coming up from Devonshire for the sales and wanted Lucy to meet her at a matinée. Holding the telegram, Lucy looked apologetically at her mother, who was pretending, with a touch of hysteria, that of course she had guessed it was from Monica all the time. Monica's mother was one of the aunts who had suggested that Lucy should come down and stay for a bit. "Now, why don't you go back with Monica?" Lucy's mother said, looking at her eagerly. "The change would do you good, darling."

"I might," Lucy said.

Perhaps it would be a relief to get out of London, the city in which she seemed to be the only pregnant woman. Although it was too early for any change to show in her figure, she was morbidly certain that people in the street stared at

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her with pity and curiosity; the manner of the shopgirl who sold her some little vests yesterday had been surely oversolicitous. At a time in her life when she might reasonably expect to feel proud and happy, she felt merely sheepish. It really was too bad.

VALERIE turned up next day, looking cool and trim in her nurse's uniform. She and Bernard had given their country house to be used as a convalescent home for officers; photographs of Valerie, sitting efficiently at her desk or smiling efficiently at a convalescent major lying wrapped in rugs on the terrace, had appeared in one or two of the weeklies. Valerie had always been efficient as far back as Lucy could remember. The war was going well for her, like everything else. Bernard had an important job which kept him in London.

"For heaven's sake," she said to Lucy, "do go to Aunt Kitty's and stop us all having miscarriages for you every time the siren goes."

"But it's such nonsense," said Lucy feebly. "I'm strong as a horse. I've never felt better."

Valerie looked at her. "I'll admit this business of having a baby suits you," she said. "You're positively blooming."

There was something strangely grudging in her expression which made Lucy glance at her with sudden attention, and the conventional words somehow didn't sound quite right. For a moment Lucy sat perfectly still, then she asked, softly and carelessly, "Why haven't you and Bernard ever tried it, Val? I've often wondered."

Valerie got up and took a cigarette from the box on the table. She was rather a time lighting it and finding a place to put the match. "Well, I don't know," she said. "I suppose we wanted a few years first. Then the war came, and it didn't seem a good time." When she turned round there was nothing in her face but the familiar derisive amusement. "You know, only rash creatures like you and Philip would think of starting a family right slap in the middle of Armageddon."

"Yes, only fools like Phil and me," said Lucy placidly.

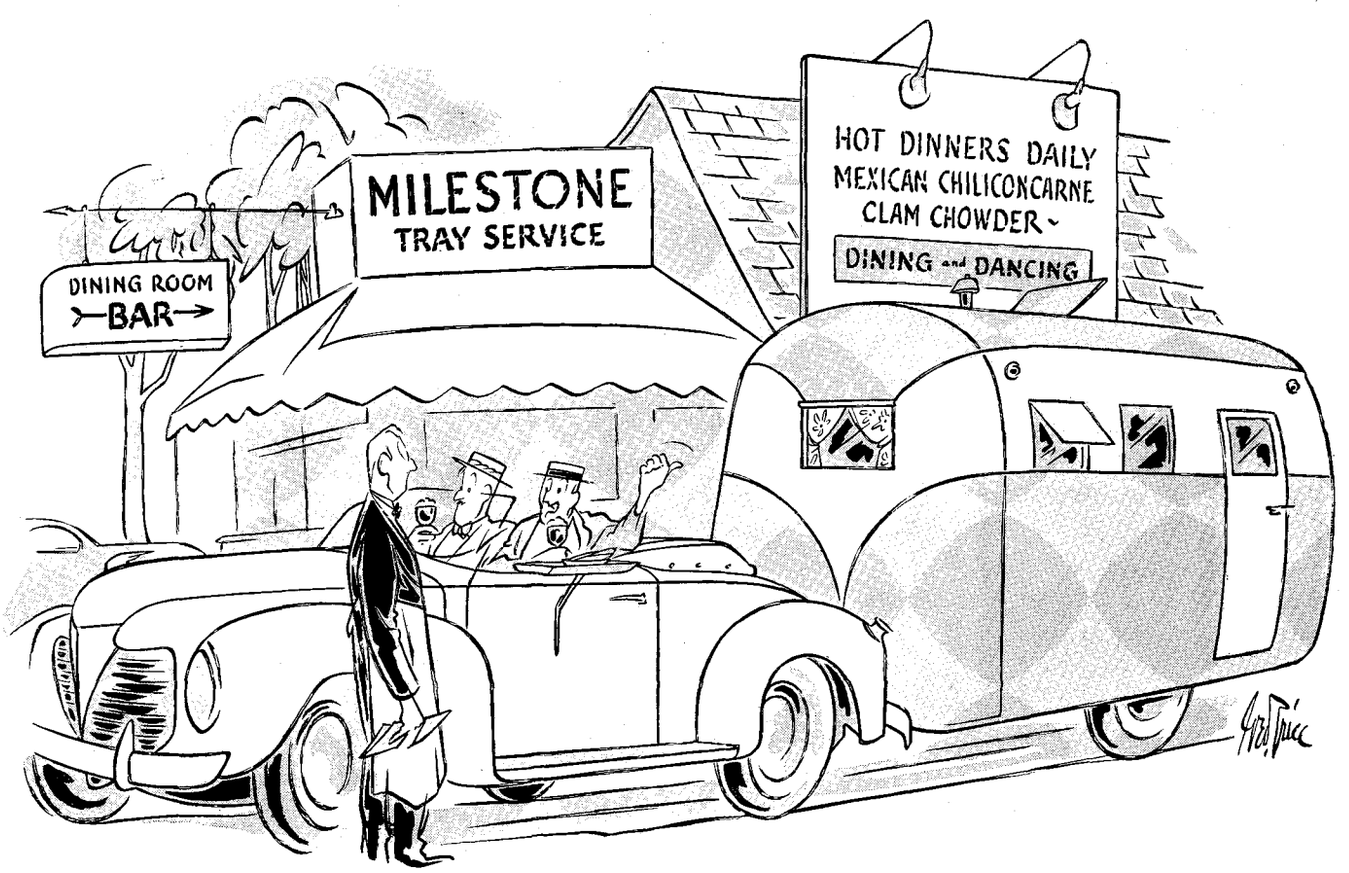
"I've got to get that train," said Valerie. "Don't get up."

"I believe I'll go to Aunt Kitty's after all," said Lucy suddenly. "Phil wouldn't want me to take risks."

When the front door banged, Lucy went to the window and watched her sister walk down the street looking for a taxi. Valerie had got thinner, Lucy noticed; it wasn't difficult to guess the type of lean, rangy Englishwoman she would be in her middle years. Neither had it been difficult to guess, a few minutes back, that she and Bernard had wanted a child ever since their marriage but that no sort of miracle would give them one. Clairvoyance wasn't the prerogative of the kindly women who glanced briefly at Lucy's waistline and then away. Lucy thought that she might go out, too; there was some shopping she wanted to do. When she went to put on her hat, she looked at herself for a moment in the long mirror. She was wearing a print dress with a soft, gathered bosom, and it struck her that for the first time the lines of her slim figure showed signs of what was happening to her. She surveyed herself from all angles with a sleepy, satisfied smile. As Valerie got thinner, she herself would probably get plumper and prettier, for of course she and Philip would have more babies.

When she boarded a bus at the corner, it was something in her face rather than her figure which made the conductor say, "Careful now, Ma'am," and steady her with a hand under the elbow. She moved delicately up the crowded bus and sat down. Newspaper posters strung some tale of horror along the railings, but she looked at them vaguely, thinking that she had better buy some new sweaters for the long, dreaming autumn at Aunt Kitty's.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES




*"See what the boys in the back room will have."*

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# RCC

I HAVE given Wendell Willkie a fair chance to brush his hair out of his eyes, and now I am quietly working for the Democratic Party. No matter how tiny my accomplishment, even if I do nothing but cancel out Westbrook Pegler, I feel that I should be active. Several weeks ago, I retired to my boyhood home, Newton Centre, Massachusetts, where I had earned my college tuition money by splitting rails and trapping beavers. I think as much of Newton Centre as Wendell Willkie does of Elwood, Indiana, but I went anyway. There I formulated my plans for the RCC, the Republican Conservation Camps, dictating the details to my gracious wife, who jotted them down in charcoal on the back of a wooden shovel. The RCC plans are now worked out in considerable detail, and are ready for presentation to the Democratic National Committee.

The only flaw that I have to date been able to detect in the Democratic campaign is the fact that, while there are daily announcements of this and that Democrat going over to Willkie, there seem to be no Roosevelt Republicans. Well, why aren't there? Applying myself to this problem, I concluded that Republicans are like salmon. They are gamely trying to leap up through the waterfall of Time and reach the warm, happy shallows of the Coolidge administration. Would there not, I asked myself, be some way of fixing it up for them without disrupting the internal economy of the nation? And I think I have found the answer—Republican Conservation Camps.

LIKE the CCC, the RCC will be primarily a youth organization—a direct rebuttal of the Republicans' assertion that our government, with its crackpot Brain Trusters and its alphabet-soup bureaucracy, no longer offers a young man any opportunity to make his way in the world. The RCC will be open, without restriction, to male Young Republicans between twenty-one and thirty-one.

While the RCC is still in the experimental stage, it will be confined to the Eastern seaboard. Camp sites are now being surveyed near Babylon, Long Island; New Canaan, Connecticut; Dedham, Massachusetts; and Portland, Maine. Architects are shortly to be invited to submit designs for the camp buildings, which will include a bank, a factory, an office building, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton Clubs, and a twenty-story coöperative apartment.

It might help the reader to gain a clear idea of the organization and aims of the RCC if we follow the adventures of a Republican youth who is mustered into one. After a routine medical examination, he is issued a uniform consisting of a Brooks Brothers single-breasted sack suit, seven starched Arrow collars, seven Sulka ties, one Burberry coat, two pairs of Peal shoes, and a Cavanagh hat; other accessories are optional. The fatigue uniform must be of Harris tweed, but may be made up by the lad's own tailor. The moment the youth's name is entered on the camp roster, an apartment is reserved for him in the coöperative building, and his name is lettered in gold leaf on the door of a vice-president's office in the office building. However, before he can take his place at a vice-president's desk, our Young Republican must undergo a rigorous ten-day probationary period at the factory, or, as it is called in RCC parlance, The Bottom.

Nothing is actually manufactured in this factory; this is not necessary, since it was proved in 1929 that profitable and interesting financial operations can exist independently of any production or sale of goods. The factory is simply a huge building with noisy, flapping belts running overhead and a number of heavily weighted packing cases. When the Republican starts in at The Bottom, he spends ten days pushing the packing cases back and forth across the floor. He works side by side with The Men, who are in reality a group of skilled character actors on the Civil Service payrolls. The Republicans thus are enabled to go through a necessary ritual called "getting the viewpoint of The Men." The Republicans sit with The Men during lunch hour, exchanging tidbits from their lunchboxes, and The Men engage in sociological and political discussions. "Faith, and it's a union that foreign-lookin' organizer felly is afther wantin' us to jine, is it?" one of The Men will say, spitting disgustedly on the floor. "Begorra, if I hadn't shtretched him flat on his back with me monkey wrench, the shpalpeen would have been talkin' of vacations with pay and time-and-a-half overtime, begob! An' us with a darlin' company union that has the best basketball team this side o' Pittsburgh, and that sent me ould man a bunch o' flowers as big as me two fists the time he ruptured himself liftin' pig iron!"

WELL, when the ten-day start at The Bottom is over, our Young Republican takes his place at a vice-president's desk. Ten thousand Coolidge dollars, especially printed by the American Bank Note Company, are deposited to his account at the bank, and he is paid a weekly salary of a hundred and fifty Coolidge dollars. This money is good only within the Republican Conservation Camps, of course. Stock quotations, pre-1929 figures, come to him on a special ticker, and he is encouraged to make sound investments. He is scrupulously protected from any contact with the realities of the outside world. A censored edition of the *Herald Tribune* is delivered to the camps. It contains no international news except an occasional joking reference to the fact that Russians indulge in mixed bathing in the nude. Other features are editorials pointing out that Industry is the new frontier, interviews with Herbert Hoover, Franklin-and-Eleanor stories suitable for repeating in mixed company, and reprints of Calvin Coolidge's column.

This plan, if properly presented to the electorate, should win the Democrats about half the Republican vote, and even that is something. I have a good slogan for this campaign, too—"Vote for That Fellow in the White House." I don't see how we can lose, now.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

Discovery of a new vitamin was predicted by Dr. Curt P. Richter of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, as the result of experiments on rats fed on a cafeteria system. They were offered a free choice of food, including various refined vitamin B fractions, but not the whole vitamin complex. Most of the rats died. The Baltimore scientists concluded that much is yet to be discovered about the vitamin effects.—*Washington Star.*

And there's a lot still to be learned about scientists, too.

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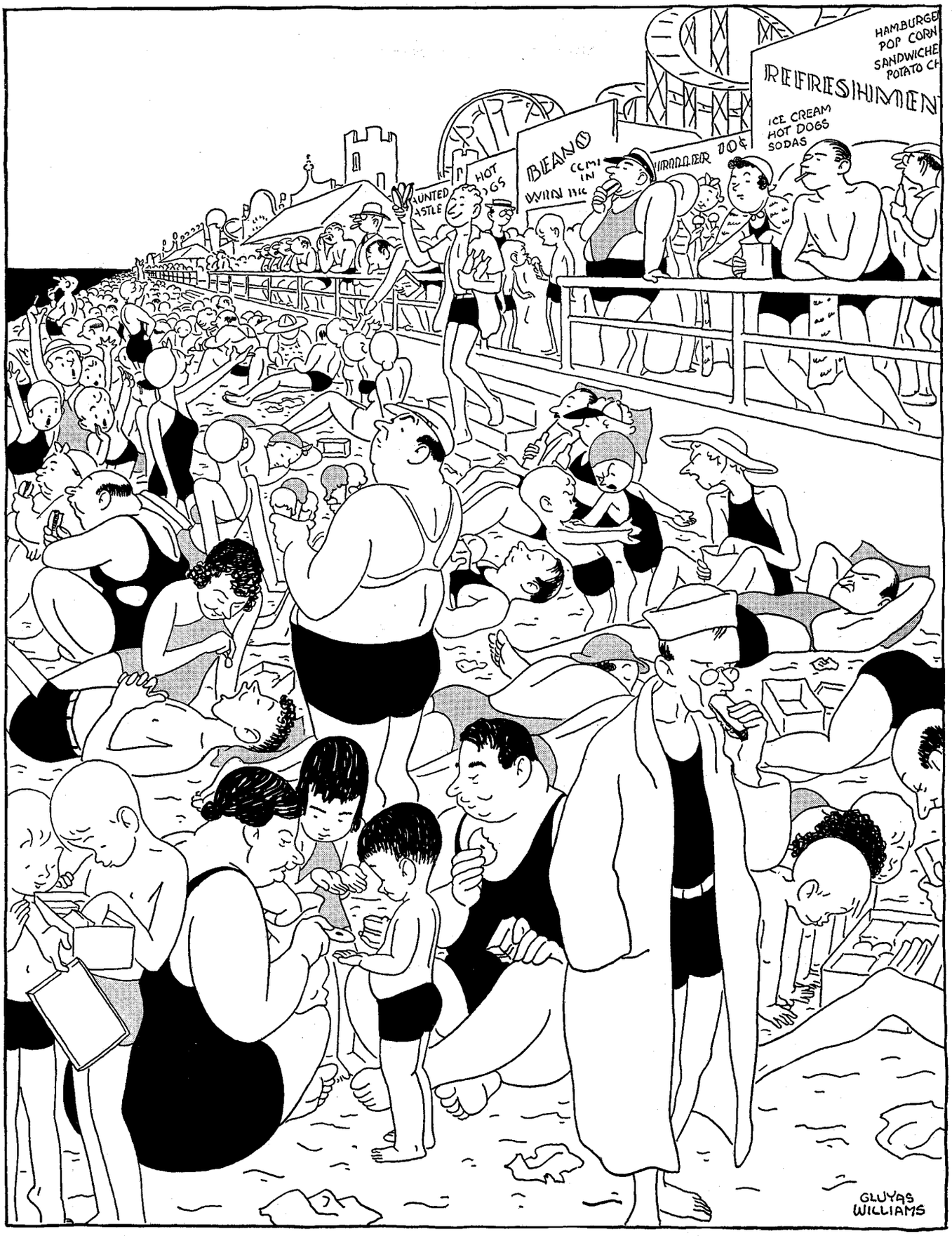


THE INNER MAN

*Lunch on the Beach*

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*Robert L. Ripley*

# PROFILES

## ODD MAN—I

THE consuming passion of Robert L. Ripley, whose "Believe It or Not" cartoons daily widen the horizon of some sixty million people, is to become a citizen of the world in the largest geographical sense of the word. In the early days of his career, when his drawings in the now defunct *Globe*, and later in the *Post*, were reaching a fairly limited audience, Ripley rarely felt impelled to travel more than a few blocks from the New York Athletic Club, where he had a couple of rooms. During the past ten or eleven years, however, his work has been syndicated in more and more papers by King Features and his fame has been spread by movies, radio, and books, and he has developed a great fear of appearing to be provincial. He doesn't want to be thought of as a big man in a narrow corner. His passion has now reached a point where he cannot stay in the same place for more than a few months without feeling he is in a rut. His expressed intention is to visit every country in the world. So far he has inspected 201 countries out of what he figured, a couple of years ago, as a possible 253. Germany's expansion has confused him, but since he has already been to such places as Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland, it has not actually impaired his record. If Hitler continues to swallow up territory at his recent rate, in a few years Ripley may even be in a position to state truthfully that he has visited more countries than exist.

Ripley mentions the number of countries in which he has travelled in his account of himself in *Who's Who*, and he displays a list of them near the entrance of his Odditorium at the World's Fair, along with two large photographs showing him in the company of a Papuan cannibal chief and a monkey man in India. Unusual companions like these stimulate Ripley enormously, and so do *out-of-the-way* places. Whenever he turns up at a remote spot with important associations, such as the sepulchre of Christ in Jerusalem or the Temple of Heaven in Peiping, he arranges to have himself photographed, generally in shorts and white-and-brown sports shoes. On such an occasion he assumes a rugged, possessive stance suitable to a member of the Adventurers, Explorers, and Circumnavigators Clubs and succeeds in looking like the popular conception of Balboa discovering the Pacific. His home is in Mamaroneck, near the Sound. To keep from feeling insular between trips, he has adorned the barroom with small replicas of the flags of each country he has visited, and has had a large compass set into the floor of the sun porch, giving the direction and number of miles from his house to hundreds of cities all over the world. When he begins to feel that he is cooped up in Westchester, he goes to the sun porch and figures out how long it would take him to get to some place like Istanbul. The one region he's afraid he will never visit is Siberia. Ripley has been *persona non grata* with the Soviet government ever since 1934, when he entered Russia by way of Georgia and returned with violently anti-Communistic reports of famine conditions, which were widely published by the Hearst papers. The fact that his cartoons are syndicated in seventeen languages in thirty-eight countries, and that his publicity staff usually sees to it that his picture is printed in the papers of cities which he visits, often causes him to be recognized on his travels. He was delighted a year or so ago when, on a trip to Central America, urchins in Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, followed him on the streets yelling, "Reepley! Reepley!"

Most of the oddities drawn and described by Ripley in the *Mirror* and the other papers in which he is syndicated are weeded from his gigantic mail, which he estimates at over a million letters a year, or dug up by a staff of researchers. Ripley occasionally verifies difficult items and adds to his knowledge by personal observation and investigation while travelling. Thus, when he was in Central America, he made a special seaplane excursion to San Blas, Panama, to see how some white Roman Catholic Indians there celebrated Christmas. The Indians celebrated by having a cockfight. In 1930, Ripley went to Vienna chiefly to trace the origin of "Ach du lieber Augustin," a German song whose composer and hero tells what a terrible time he is having. Ripley discovered that a drunk named Augustin found himself thrown in with a lot of corpses during a plague and went through the streets singing the song to describe his state of mind. Ripley was less successful when, in Syria, he looked up a so-called sabbatical river, the Nahr-al-Arus, which is reputed to flow six days a week and rest up on the seventh. Ripley never saw the river take it easy but included an account of its legendary routine in one of his books anyway, on the theory that he had been observing it on the wrong days.

RIPLEY is not infallible. He once stated that Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee were first cousins once removed, only to have a Richmond paper point out correctly that they could not possibly have been closer than sixteenth cousins. Similarly, Ripley's claim that no Jew had ever gone under the Arch of Titus in Rome was contradicted by a number of persons professing to be Jews who wrote that they had strolled beneath this arch repeatedly. Ripley replied that according to an ancient religious ban any Hebrew who walked under the Arch of Titus was no longer a member of the Jewish race. A good many of Ripley's eye-openers rest on rather minute technicalities. For example, he has defended the observation that Buffalo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life on the ground that the American animal is a bison. Moreover, a lot of the oddities reported and illustrated by Ripley are difficult to check and are accepted by him on faith, such as:

Herr Heinrich Laufer of Düsseldorf kept one eye closed for 90 days as a penance for peeping.

The surgeon Dr. Politman, a native of Lorraine, died at the age of 140, having been drunk each day since he was 25 years old. On the eve of his death he performed a major surgical operation successfully.

Vaclav Kratochwil, of Prerau, Czecho-Slovakia, has blue eyelashes.

A surprising number of Ripley's characters have names like Vaclav

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Kratochwil and come from places like Prerau, Czecho-Slovakia. Nevertheless, the believe-it-or-not item which inspired the greatest disbelief Ripley ever stirred up—"Lindbergh was the 67th man to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean"—was true. Ripley printed this in the *Post* on May 24, 1927, three days after the Lindbergh flight, and during the next few days several thousand people called up or wrote in saying he was a liar. He pointed out that while Lindbergh made the first solo flight of this sort, he had been preceded by one airplane with two men and by two dirigibles containing a total of sixty-four men. This is one of Ripley's favorite believe-it-or-nots. Other items which he is particularly fond of include the ones about the queen who was crowned three years after her assassination (Inez de Castro, wife of Pedro I of Portugal); the extraordinary endurance of one Will Purvis, an innocent man hanged in Missouri as a murderer, who survived his hanging, was subsequently freed, and outlived all the jurors who had condemned him; and the striking staying powers of Wenseslao Moguel of Yucatán, Mexico, who, in spite of being executed by a firing squad and given the *coup de grâce*, is still alive. Ripley signed Wenseslao up for an Odditorium he ran on Broadway recently, and for about six months he was to be seen there daily, exhibiting a bullet-riddled countenance for $75 a week.

Ripley's Broadway Odditorium, which opened in the summer of 1939, was operated by a firm called International Oddities, Inc., of which Ripley's younger brother, Douglas, was president. It consisted of a big collection of believe-it-or-not items (such as an Eiffel Tower made out of 30,000 toothpicks) and an extensive repertoire of shows involving freaks, feats of strength and contortion, and so on. Ripley leased the exhibits to the corporation which ran the Odditorium, and he also advanced money for operating expenses. This June, International Oddities filed a petition in bankruptcy, listing Ripley as its chief creditor, with $94,000 owed to him. The Ripley Odditorium at the Fair is run by a firm called the Long Island Oddities Corporation, of which Douglas Ripley is a director. It is the Fair's successor to last year's "Strange As It Seems" show, an Odditorium-like exhibit which got its ideas from John Hicks, a Ripley-like cartoonist whose work is syndicated in some two hundred newspapers outside of New York. Ripley has a number of followers whose professional activities he regards as both imitation and a form of flattery.

Ripley's items sometimes border on the questionable. One such was his description of the mother of three—Magdalena Strumarczuk of Tobolsk, Russia—who nursed her children without using bottles, although her breasts were on her back. However, he generally contrives to put himself on the side of sweetness and light even in writing about the most unusual circumstances. After disclosing that Michalko Goniusz and Wasyl Bezborodny of Kiev, Russia, had slapped each other's faces for thirty-six hours, he added, "Mutual face-slapping is a good-natured sport greatly favored by the Ukrainian peasants. . . . The effect on the audience is exhilarating rather than brutalizing."

RIPLEY's daily cartoon contains from four to seven believe-it-or-not items and is syndicated by King Features in over three hundred papers, ranging from seventeen Hearst publications to the *Illustrated Weekly* of Bombay and the Cape Town *De Huisgenoot*. The syndicate pays Ripley on a guarantee-and-percentage basis, which in 1939 netted him around $150,000. He has a radio contract with the Nehi Corporation, manufacturers of a drink called Royal Crown Cola, which brings him $200,000 a year, and his books, movies, lectures, odditoriums, the supplying of believe-it-or-not material for advertisements, and royalties from other by-products have for several years swelled his income to well over $500,000. He gets royalties for allowing believe-it-or-not items to be used, as decoration, on bathing suits, sports shirts, and so on. He

*"Now you and I are going to share a little secret."*

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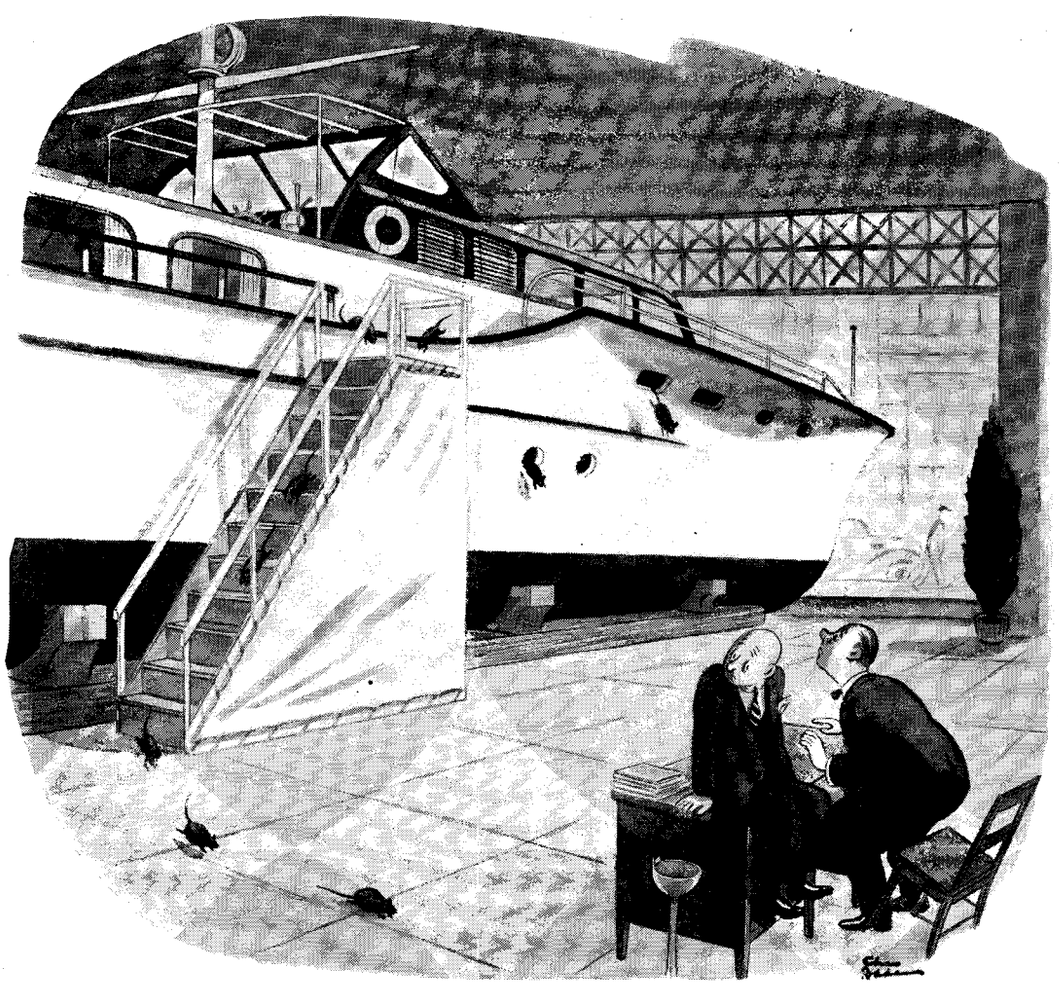
is currently working on six shorts for Twentieth Century-Fox, and he writes and illustrates advertisements for a number of clients, including the Parker Pen Company, the Macmillan Petroleum Corporation, and the Old Ben Coal Corporation. About $150,000 of Ripley's earnings goes in salaries, to a staff of some seventy researchers, linguists, mail assorters, accountants, and secretaries whom he employs. Future historians may deem it an odd fact that around $225,000 of what is left goes to the United States Government and to New York State as income tax. Except for Ripley's books and syndicate work, his affairs are handled by a corporation, Believe It or Not, Inc., which is managed by Robert J. Hyland, an accountant with whom he used to play handball at the New York A. C. Hyland was formerly critical of Ripley's radio voice, and at his suggestion Ripley has taken elocution and diction lessons, which have greatly improved his delivery and counteracted a tendency to hesitate and stutter. Ripley is said occasionally to counteract this further by drinking straight whiskey out of a Lily cup when he broadcasts. The Lily cup is used to make the studio audience think he is sipping water. Thanks, perhaps, to these measures and to his lessons, Ripley has become such a smooth talker that last May he was awarded a Doctor of Oratory degree by the Staley College of the Spoken Word of Brookline, Massachusetts.

Ripley gets $1,000 an appearance and gives twenty or thirty talks a year. On a tour arranged by the Pacific Geographical Society a few years ago, he was whisked through California so rapidly that he made a number of speeches without having any idea where he was and in an all-round confused state. One of these was delivered at a theatre in which the orchestra pit had been covered with green baize. Ripley walked toward the pit. "Ladies and—" he said, and fell ten feet through the baize into the pit. Unable to climb up, he had to go out of the theatre through the basement and buy an admission ticket before he could get back to the stage platform. He was only partly mollified by the realization that the audience regarded his dive as a sort of graphic believe-it-or-not item.

AS befits a man of his earning power, Ripley comes of poor parents and was brought up in a small town. He was born on Christmas Day, 1893, in Santa Rosa, California, where his father, who was a carpenter, died when Ripley was twelve. The boy was named Le Roy, and his childhood friends still call him Roy. Following the death of his father, he helped support his mother and his younger brother and sister by polishing gravestones after school for a tombstone company. He began to draw in his teens and soon became so proficient that in school his English teacher allowed him to draw pictures answering the questions whenever she assigned a written paper to the class. Summers he pitched on the Santa Rosa baseball team, a more or less professional outfit owned by the proprietor of a cigar store. The team played on Sundays and at the end of the afternoon the owner would give Ripley all the small change in his till, a sum which ranged from $7 to $15. To earn this, Ripley, whose ability to draw was already recognized locally, not only played on the team but threw in a weekly baseball poster for the cigar-store window. Some of these posters came to the attention of the editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and in 1910 he hired Ripley as a sports cartoonist at $8 a week, later raising him to $10. After a year or so he asked for a $2.50 raise and was fired. He got a job as cartoonist on the San Francisco *Chronicle* and in 1913, when he asked for a $2.50 raise, he was fired again. He came to New York and got a job on the *Globe* at $25. He drew one or two sports cartoons a week and spent a lot of time playing handball at the New York A. C., where he was club champion for a while. One condition of this job on the *Globe* was that he adopt some manly first name in place of Le Roy. He chose Robert and was permitted to retain Le Roy as a middle name on condition that he use only the initial "L."



In December, 1918, Ripley turned in a cartoon which eventually resulted in a severe cutting down of his handball time. In it, he illustrated seven rather unusual athletic achievements, among them "A. Forrester of Toronto ran 100 yards backwards in 14 seconds," "S. D. See hopped 100 yards in 11 seconds," and "Ed Lamy broadjumped on ice 25 feet 7 inches at Saranac Lake

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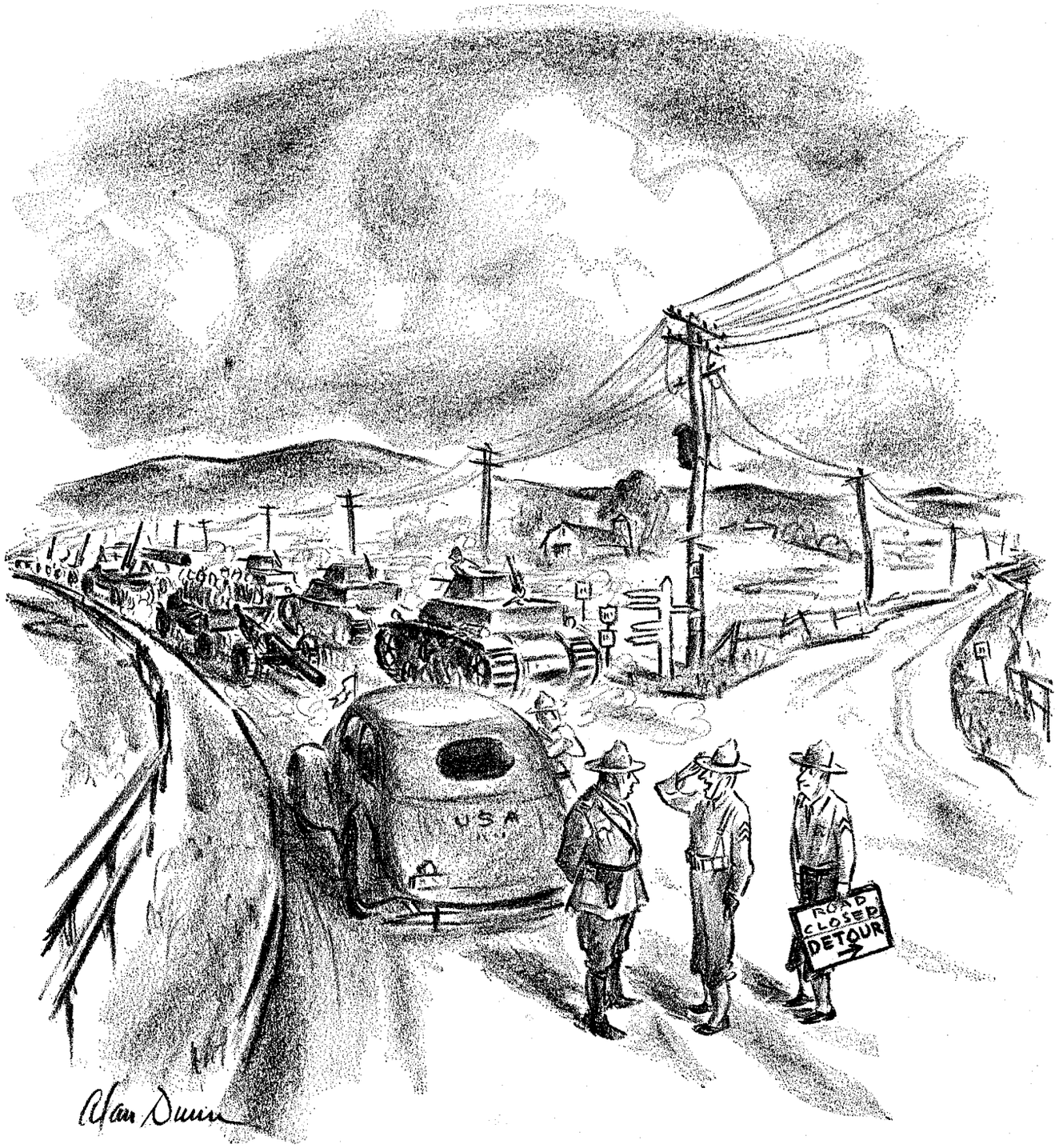


*"Sir, I think Corporal Smith here has a suggestion which might facilitate our retreat."*

• •

in 1913." Ripley entitled this "Chumps and Champs" but just before submitting it crossed this out and substituted "Believe It or Not." *Globe* readers responded so favorably that he was soon encouraged to give up his routine sports drawings in order to concentrate on athletic oddities, and subsequently on oddities of all sorts.

Ripley prefers the word "oddity" to "freak" and has threatened to fire anyone on his staff who forgets this. He thinks the word "freak" has an unpleasant connotation and insists that the two-headed fishes, human pincushions, fork-tongued ladies, eyeless infants, four-footed chickens, and three-headed calves to which he has drawn international attention are not freaks. "An oddity is a high-class freak," he once said guardedly when pinned down.

Ripley is never happier than when discovering some new high-class freak, and he has presented, in his cartoons and on the radio, such unimpeachable curiosities as the man with the hardest head in the world, the man with the hardest stomach, an armless man who plays the piano, a legless man who dances, and a man without vocal cords who sings. Ripley was especially gratified three or four years ago when he came across a human xylophone. "He is Professor Charles Cheer of Philadelphia," Ripley wrote in his cartoon, "whose polished skull reverberates with tones exactly like a

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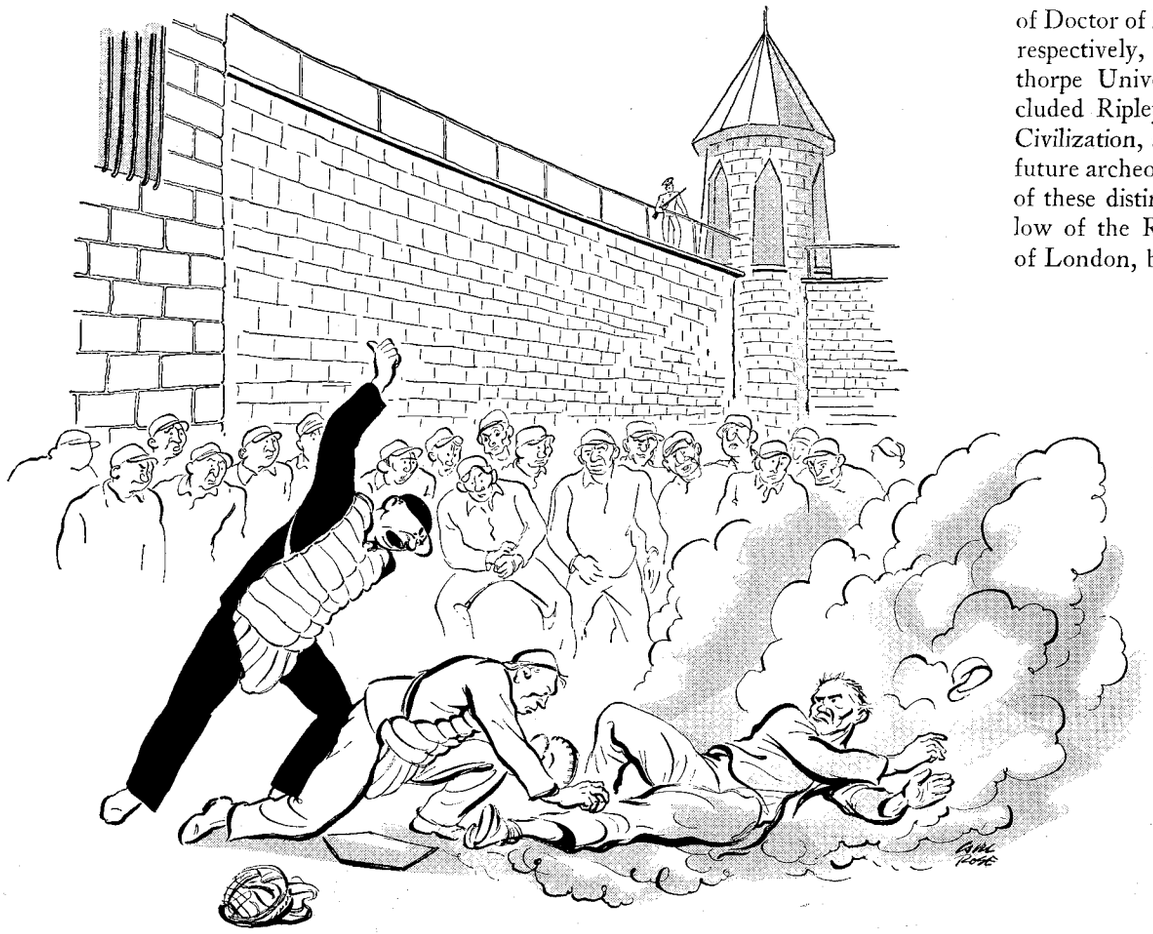

*"Guilty!"*

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xylophone when beaten with the conventional hammers." Professor Cheer, who was a vaudeville comedian, learned that he was really a xylophone quite accidentally, thanks to the initiative of his stage partner, a man who played an ordinary, non-human xylophone. "One day we were standing in the wings when he playfully began to beat the top of my head with the hammers," Professor Cheer told Ripley. "It made a very peculiar noise and we did some experimenting." As a result of these experiments it was established that if Professor Cheer opened his mouth in varying degrees while his skull was being beaten, melodies could be produced. Ripley has had the Professor played on the air and at Ripley odditoriums at the Chicago and San Francisco Fairs. The word "odditorium" was invented by Ripley along with "curioddities" and "oddcyclopedia," which last he hopes to use in the title of a definitive book of believe-it-or-nots someday.

ALTHOUGH many of the forty thousand items which Ripley has presented have been of the Professor Cheer variety, several have been sober disclosures which have produced reform. The publicity which he gave to the fact that "The Star-Spangled Banner" wasn't officially the national anthem, and that millions of people had been standing up and taking off their hats for a mere drinking song, led to a petition bearing five million names urging Congress to make it the national air. This was done in 1931. Another Ripley revelation, to the effect that no tombstone marked Byron's grave although one marked his dog's, when published in a London paper, prompted English school children to take up a collection which paid for a gravestone for the great lover. Ripley has also delved seriously into Mother Goose and has reported that Wee Willie Winkie was really William III of Orange and Humpty Dumpty was Richard III. It is probably more out of recognition for his historical, geographical, and literary contributions than for his diligence in tracking down three-yolked eggs and seven-leaf clovers that Missouri Valley College, at Marshall, Missouri, and Dartmouth gave him honorary degrees of Doctor of Letters and Master of Arts, respectively, last June and that Oglethorpe University, in Georgia, has included Ripley drawings in its Crypt of Civilization, a cache intended to titillate future archeologists. Ripley is very proud of these distinctions and of being a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London, but he still has an unaffected fondness for some of his more repulsive oddities, just as he had in the days before he became a college man. He keeps the skeleton of a two-headed baby in his house, and one of his favorite photographs shows him beaming over the shoulder of a woman leper, "the most horrible-looking human being in the world," whose face is in a singularly advanced state of disintegration. Ripley had this photograph greatly enlarged and exhibited in two places on the sidewalk outside his Broadway Odditorium, along with others showing him admiring the shrunken head of a Peruvian native. He has several condensed heads in his home, and his face lights up as he explains to visitors that their hair continued to grow long after he had acquired them. When Ripley's face lights up, he breaks into a boyish grin which is enlivened by protruding front teeth. The teeth used to stick out even more than they do now, but by the time he felt rich enough to have them straightened he had decided that his expression was so widely known that people would miss seeing them, and so he had them straightened only part way.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

*(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Ripley. The second will appear next week.)*

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### LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

Fun watching former glamour girls squaring off to look at Paulette Goddard, who's now on the top rung. Her trip to Mexico did it. Her hair is parted in the center, braided with white ribbon, and intertwined with white carnations, making it look like a square turban. And with that, a wrap-around white sarong to the floor, and a bra, with eight inches of midriff showing, and 10-dollar bills stuck nonchalantly for decoration around the waist.

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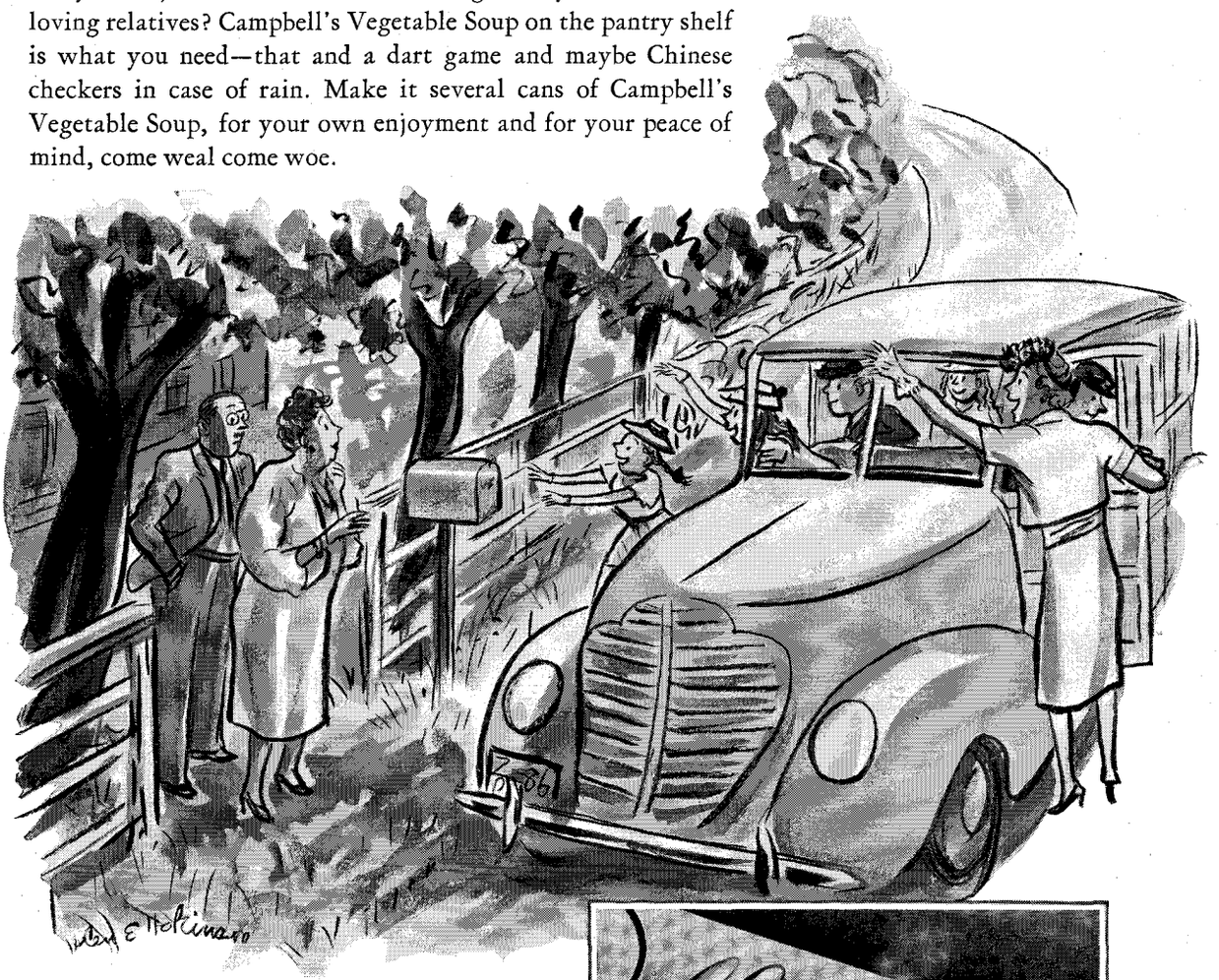
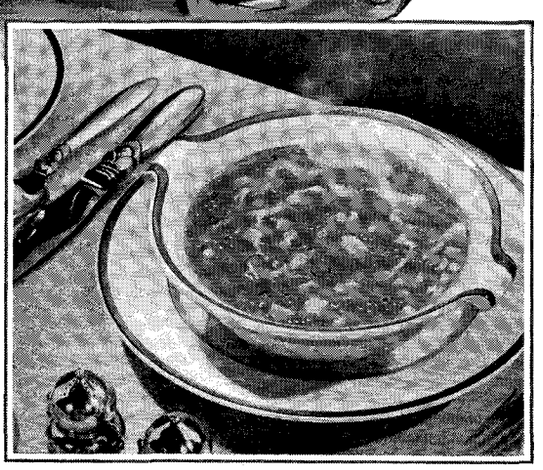
*"Surprise, surprise, darlings, and we're simply starved!"*

A fine how-do-you-do! Never mind. Herd them all into the dining room and sit them down to plates of Campbell's hefty 15-vegetables-and-beef-stock Vegetable Soup, all heated and ready while they park the station wagon and wash their faces. To calm these clamoring appetites here is a soup that has what is indicated: flavor from the first, nourishment all the way and a comforting calm when the plates are empty.

Do you find yourself, from time to time, an unexpected hostess? Are you subject to the occasional onslaughts of your friends and loving relatives? Campbell's Vegetable Soup on the pantry shelf is what you need—that and a dart game and maybe Chinese checkers in case of rain. Make it several cans of Campbell's Vegetable Soup, for your own enjoyment and for your peace of mind, come weal come woe.





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In the Musical Comedy Smash
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# LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 25 (BY CABLE)

LONDON has accepted its sirens with the usual exciting British display of complete impassiveness. Inasmuch as everybody feels deep down in his bones, and in the uncomfortable area of the stomach, where most people keep their courage, that the first of the big raids are upon us at last, the universal calm has seemed almost ostentatious. People have queued up for the public shelters as *quietly as if waiting to see a* motion picture. When the first of the sirens went off early one evening, the lights went off too in the bar where a group of us happened to be, but the barman continued to arrange sprigs of mint in some drinks as though absorbed in this artistic effort. Running footsteps and blowing whistles sounded from the street. It was instructive to watch the behavior of persons who turned up, panting slightly, to meet their friends for a drink. "I ran all the way from Bond Street," said a pretty, hatless girl to a young naval officer, who seemed to take it for granted that pretty girls should choose this form of exercise on a warm August evening. We all went on chatting pleasantly while pretending that we were not listening for the first crash of the bombardment or calculating how long it would take to duck down to the basement. When the all-clear sounded after a period of eventless waiting, there was a little stir of gaiety and most of the customers ordered another drink.

Since then, there have been plenty more sirens, but the raiders have not got further than the outer suburbs, where the gunfire was especially heavy in the night raid a week ago. Every other person one meets can give exact details of damage and casualties, details which unfortunately never tally. It was announced that a hundred and fifty girls had been killed in the bombardment of the Coty factory, but the story was denied next day by the Coty people themselves, who said that the girls were not working at the time of the raid. This is the kind of thing which starts rumors and makes the public suspect that it is not being told all it should be, and it was a relief to learn that from now on official lists of the killed and injured will be posted as soon as possible outside borough town halls. Monthly totals of casualties are to be announced in the press.

Failure to sound the sirens in one of last week's raids was the subject of a question in the House of Commons which drew from the Minister of Home Security the uncomfortably insecure statement that citizens must be prepared not only to be warned without being bombed but also occasionally to be bombed without being warned. The problem is a difficult one, since to sound sirens in all towns within likely range of the raiders' course would be to throw a spanner into industrial output by day and into workers' precious sleep by night. However sensible this argument seems, it is unfortunately only human nature to feel aggrieved when the first intimation one receives of hostile aircraft overhead is a bomb splinter landing at one's feet. Considering the terrible opportunities for practice that this country is likely to get in the near future, some more universally satisfactory system will probably be worked out before long.

Now that raids are obviously going to become part of the day-to-day routine for millions of people, there is a good deal of fervent discussion as to the best place to make for if one is unlucky enough to be caught out of doors when the sirens start. Shoppers prefer Harrods, where chairs are provided and first-aid workers unobtrusively but comfortingly hover about. In the public shelters, it is usually a case of standing room only, which becomes hard on the feet after an hour or so, but is less of a hardship to most than the ban on smoking.

ON the whole, the general feeling seems to be one of relief that "it" has come at last, although there is no doubt in anyone's mind that the raids on the London area so far have been little more than reconnaissances. Still, the first round of the mass offensive in the air is over and the result has certainly been overwhelmingly in Britain's favor. The second round may bring some harder hitting, but the public is confident and cheerful. The ordinary individual is magnificent in a moment like this. Recently the Ministry of Information launched a series of advertisements which, in the form of the soul-searchings of an unattractively smug and breezy citizen, gave the public the Ministry's notions of correct British behavior under every possible stress and strain: "What do I do in an air raid? I do not panic. I say to myself, our chaps are dealing with them, etc." The campaign would seem to be another of the Minis-

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try's unfortunate bloomers, since under stress every charwoman reacts with the courage, restraint, and humor traditionally expected of aristocrats.

IN spite of the alarms of the past week, London still looks a good deal safer than many a country district which has unexpectedly found itself right in the centre of the *Blitzkrieg*. A person living near a well-guarded military objective frequently discovers he has passed a less harassing night than his friend in some village on the other side of the county, where raiders, chased by the R.A.F., were jettisoning bombs all around.

In the beautiful fruit-growing country, over which in happier days the Paris airliners peacefully droned, fag ends of last week's raids upset the harvesting of the plum crop until exasperated farmers hit on the notion of digging trenches in their orchards so that the pickers could remain in the fields during dogfights overhead, snatching another bushel or so at every lull. Country people continue to be sturdily unimpressed by visitations from the enemy. "I just turned over and went to sleep again," said one old man, relating how a bomb had fallen a hundred yards from his cottage gate.

THE Prime Minister's most recent speech and the successful action against Italian ships raised everybody's spirits. Anthony Eden is curiously uninspiring. Alfred Duff Cooper, after one first-class broadcast, turned in a series of outbursts which set the teeth of even the not particularly sensitive on edge. Mr. Churchill is the only man in England today who consistently interprets the quiet but completely resolute national mood. The sinking of the Italian ships was a tonic chaser to the nasty taste that the evacuation of Somaliland had left in the public's mouth. For most Britons, one of the bitterest of the many bitter consequences of France's capitulation was that it has made operations against Italy vastly more difficult. The feeling of this country about Italy has an angry, personal quality, as though it were directed against someone who has been guilty not of crime on a heroic scale but of mean behavior, such as bilking at a race meeting or pinching the poorbox of a church.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Robert Estes and family spent Sunday at the seashore. Mr. Estes is on the road to recovery.—*Berkshire County (Mass.) Evening Eagle.*

Ruggeder than the others, probably.

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

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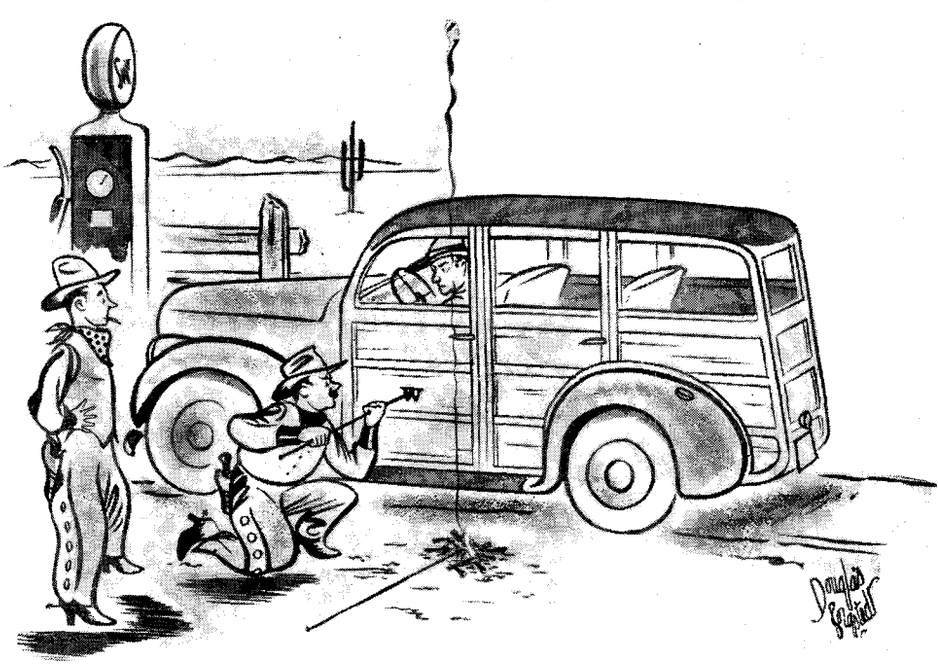
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## EVENING WITH A GIFTED CHILD

PHILIPPA DUKE SCHUYLER is probably the best example in the city of what psychologists call a gifted child. Physically, she is nine years old. Her mental age, according to the Clinic for Gifted Children at New York University, which tests her periodically, is sixteen. She has an I.Q. of 185. Philippa reads Plutarch on train trips, eats steaks raw, writes poems in honor of her dolls, plays poker, and is the composer of more than sixty pieces for the piano. Most of these compositions are descriptive, with such titles as "Spanish Harlem," "Men at Work," "The Cockroach Ballet," and "At the Circus." She began composing before she was four, and has been playing the piano in public, often for money, since she was six. She has an agreement with the National Broadcasting Company by which she plays new compositions for the first time in public on a Sunday-morning broadcast called "Coast to Coast on a Bus," and she frequently plays on other radio and television programs. A Schuyler album, "Five Little Pieces," was published two years ago by her mother, and three thousand copies have been sold. This summer she played compositions by Bach, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Debussy, Schumann, and herself in Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Youngstown, Atlantic City, and Trenton. On this tour she averaged $175 an engagement, plus all expenses. Earlier in the summer she gave two extraordinarily successful recitals at the World's Fair; in return, the Fair had a Philippa Duke Schuyler Day. Philippa is often called a genius by admiring strangers, and her parents find this displeasing. To them, her development is explained not by genius but by diet. They believe that humans should live on uncooked meats, fruits, vegetables, and nuts, and are convinced that the food Philippa has eaten most of her life is largely responsible for her precocity. She particularly likes raw green peas, raw corn on the cob, raw yams, and raw sirloin steaks.

Philippa's father, George S. Schuyler, whom she calls by his first name, is a Negro essayist and novelist, the son of a dining-car chef on the New York Central. He writes a rather angry column for the Pittsburgh *Courier*, a weekly Negro newspaper, and is business manager of the *Crisis*, which is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He wrote regularly for the *American Mercury* when H. L. Mencken edited it, and was a Mencken protégé. Mr. Schuyler's skin is jet black. He comes from one of the oldest Negro families in New York; long before the Revolutionary War, ancestors of his in Albany began using Schuyler as a surname. Since then, Negro Schuylers have occasionally also used the Christian names of distinguished white Schuylers. Philippa is named for Philip John Schuyler, the Revolutionary general. Philippa's mother, Mrs. Josephine Schuyler, is white. She is, in fact, a golden-haired blonde. She is a member of a pioneer west Texas ranching and banking family, and speaks with a Southern accent. When she was in her teens, she ran away from home and went to California; since then she has considered herself "a rebel." Before she and Mr. Schuyler were married in 1928, she had been, successively, a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, a ballet dancer in a San Francisco opera company, a painter, a poet, and a writer for the Negro press. She met Mr. Schuyler in New York when she visited the office of a magazine of which he was an editor and to which she had contributed poems and articles. This magazine was the *Messenger*, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Mrs. Schuyler acquired her dietary convictions in California years ago; her husband is a more recent convert and is not quite as dead set. Mrs. Schuyler feels that both alcohol and tobacco are utterly unnecessary; her husband, however, drinks beer and smokes cigars. Mrs. Schuyler still writes occasionally for Negro newspapers under various names, but devotes most of her time to painting and Philippa. On tour, she serves as Philippa's manager. Philippa calls her Jody. The Schuylers live in a large apartment house on Convent Avenue. This house, which is tenanted by both white and colored families, is on a hill overlooking the western fringe of Harlem, and is several blocks from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where Philippa is in Grade 6A. A child psychologist who examined her last winter said that she could easily do ninth-grade work, but her parents decided she shouldn't do any skipping. "She isn't in a hurry," Mrs. Schuyler told the psychologist. "Furthermore, ninth-grade children might baby her, and that wouldn't be healthy."

THE Schuylers recently invited me to come and hear Philippa play. I went up one evening around eight o'clock. Mrs. Schuyler met me at the door and said that Philippa was in her own room transcribing a composition called "Caprice No. 2," which she had finished just before dinner. We went into the living room, where Mr. Schuyler, in shirtsleeves, was hunched over a desk. At his elbow was a stack of clippings about Philippa from newspapers in the cities in which she had recently played. He was pasting these in a large scrapbook. "We have nine scrapbooks full of stuff about Philippa, one for each year," he said. "She's never seen them. In fact, so far as we know, she's never seen a clipping about herself. We're afraid it might make her self-conscious. When she gets to be a young woman, we'll bring out all her scrapbooks and



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say, 'Here are some things you might find interesting.' "

There were paintings, chiefly nudes, on two walls of the living room. I noticed Mrs. Schuyler's signature in the corner of one. Bookcases lined another wall, and arranged on their top shelves were a number of pieces of African sculpture. Mrs. Schuyler pointed to one, a female fetish. "George brought that back from Africa in 1931," she said. "He was down there getting material for a book. Most of these things, however, belong to Philippa. They were sent to her by people in Liberia, Nigeria, and the Ivory Coast who heard her play on the radio. They listen in on short-wave. They write to her, and she answers their letters. They know that part of her background is African, and are proud of her. Their presents to Philippa are brought here by Africans who work on ships plying between New York and various West African ports. She has a slew of medals and prizes she won in tournaments held by the New York Philharmonic, the National Guild of Piano Teachers, and similar organizations, and she keeps them in a fancy inlaid chest that was sent to her by a craftsman in Africa. Philippa is extremely proud of her Negro blood."

Mr. Schuyler looked up from the scrapbook. "She has radio fans all over the world, not only in Africa," he said. "On her last birthday she received six sable skins and a black pearl from Alaska, a jewel box from Japan, a scarf from Portugal, and a doll from the Virgin Islands. However, most of her presents came from Africa."

While we were looking at an ebony elephant, Philippa came into the room. Mr. Schuyler unobtrusively closed the scrapbook and put it in a drawer of the desk. Then he introduced me to Philippa. She shook hands, not awkwardly, as most children do, but with assurance. She is a graceful child, slender, erect, and exquisitely boned. Her face is oval, and she has serious black eyes, black curls, and perfect teeth. Her skin is light brown.

"Did you get through with the piece?" her mother asked her.

"Oh, yes," Philippa said. "Half an hour ago. Look, Jody, do you remember that silly little riddle book I bought at the newsstand in the station at Cincinnati and never got a chance to look at?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I've just been looking through it, and some of the riddles are funny. May I ask one, please?"

Mrs. Schuyler nodded, and Philippa asked, "What has four wheels and flies?"

We were silent a minute, and then Philippa said impatiently, "Give up, please, so I can tell you."

"We give up," Mrs. Schuyler said.

"A garbage wagon," Philippa said.

Mr. Schuyler groaned, and Philippa looked at him and burst out laughing.

"Was it that bad, George?" she asked. "Wait until you hear some of the others."

"Not now, Philippa," Mrs. Schuyler said, rather hastily. "Instead, maybe you'd like to play for us in your room."

"I'd like to very much," Philippa said.

Mr. Schuyler said that he would stay in the living room and listen. Mrs. Schuyler and I followed Philippa down the hall. A large red balloon was tethered by a string to the doorknob of Philippa's room. "I got it at the World's Fair," she said, spanking it into the air with the heel of her hand. "I like balloons. They remind me of the circus."

THE Schuylers have a four-room apartment. I noticed that Philippa's room was the largest. In it there was a grand piano, a bed, an adult-size dressing table, two small chairs, and a cabinet. Mrs. Schuyler opened the doors of the cabinet. "Philippa keeps her music and dolls in here," she said. "She made this doll house. She knitted the little rug herself and sewed dresses for the dolls. She sews very well. She made me an apron the other day." On top of Philippa's piano there was a Modern Library giant edition of Plutarch, a peach kernel, a mystery novel called "The Corpse with the Floating Foot," a copy of the New York *Post* opened to the comic-strip page, a teacup half full of raw green peas, a train made of adhesive-tape spools and cardboard, a Stravinsky sonata, a pack of playing cards, a photograph of Lily Pons clipped from a magazine, and an uninflated balloon. I was standing beside the piano, examining this rather surrealistic group of objects, when Mrs. Schuyler suddenly snapped her fingers and said, "I forgot the peaches!" She started out of the room, then paused at the door and said, "It's a kind of ice cream I make. We're going to have some later on, and I forgot to put the peaches in the icebox. I'll leave you two alone for a few minutes. Philippa, don't start playing until I get back." I took one of the chairs and Philippa sat on the piano bench. Left alone with her, I felt ill at ease. I didn't know how to go about making small talk with a gifted child.

"Do you mind if I smoke in here?" I asked her.

"Of course not," Philippa said. "I'll go get you an ashtray."

When she returned, I asked her if she had been reading the Plutarch on the piano.

"Yes," she said. "I've read most of it. I got it to read on trains."

"Don't you find it rather dry?"

"Not at all. I like biography. I particularly like the sections called the comparisons. Best of all I liked Theseus and Romulus, and Solon and Poplicola. Plutarch is anything but dry. I'm very interested in the Romans. I want to get 'The Decline and Fall' next. It's in the Modern Library, too."

"What are some other books you like?"

Philippa laughed. "Lately I've been reading a Sherlock Holmes omnibus and some mystery books by Ellery Queen."

"What book do you like best of all?"

"Oh, that's almost impossible to answer. You can't just pick out one book and say you like it better than all others. I bet you can't."

"I certainly can," I said. I was not bothered any longer by the difference in our ages, and had completely got over feeling ill at ease.

"What book?"

"Mark Twain's 'Life on the Mississippi,' " I said.

"Oh, I like Mark Twain," Philippa said, clapping her hands excitedly. "I like him very much. I guess you're right. I *can* say that there's one book I like best of all. That's the 'Arabian Nights.' George has an eight-volume set. It's an unexpurgated edition. I read it first when I was three, and at least four times since. I based my longest composition on it. I called it 'Arabian Nights Suite.' Oh, the stories in that book are absolutely wonderful!" She laughed. "Goodness!" she said. "I didn't mean to get so"—she paused and appeared to be searching for a word—"impassioned."

MRS. SCHUYLER returned, and sat down.

"Look," Philippa said to me, "do you like funnies?"

"You mean comic strips?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Funnies."

"Of course I do," I said. "The best comic strip is 'Moon Mullins' in the *News*."

"Oh, no, it isn't," she said. "The best funny is 'Dixie Dugan' in the *Post*, and the next best is the full-page 'Katzenjammer Kids' in the Sunday *Journal*. The *Post* has the best funnies. I like

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'Dixie Dugan,' 'Superman,' 'Tarzan,' 'Abbie an' Slats,' and 'The Mountain Boys,' and they're all in the *Post*. I also like Samuel Grafton's column, and F. P. A. Mr. Grafton had a column once about oppressed minorities that was very good, and I usually like the way he writes about war. You know, I'm almost ready to write a composition about the funnies. I'm going to call it 'The Katzenjammer Kids.' I read a lot of mystery stories, and I've already written a composition called 'Mystery Story.'"

"Philippa tries to describe places and experiences in her music," Mrs. Schuyler said. "We used to live in Spanish Harlem, and she put some of the things she saw and heard in that neighborhood into a composition. She wrote 'Men at Work' while the WPA was digging a sewer in front of our apartment house. She likes the playground at Sacred Heart very much, and she described it in a piece called 'In a Convent Garden.' Once she had a canary, and it died. For its funeral she wrote a sad little piece called 'Death of the Nightingale.' Philippa, you're getting fidgety. Are you ready to play for us?"

"Yes, Jody," Philippa said, getting to her feet. She turned to me, curtsied, and said, "Think about cockroaches while I'm playing this piece. It's 'The Cockroach Ballet.' This is the story: Some cockroaches are feasting on a kitchen floor. A human comes in and kills some of them. He thinks he has killed them all. But after he leaves, one little cockroach peeps out, then another, and another. They dance a sad little dance for their dead comrades. But they aren't very sad because they know that cockroaches will go on forever and ever. Unfortunately."

Mrs. Schuyler laughed. "Philippa took that piece to Mother Stevens at Sacred Heart the afternoon she wrote it," she said. "Mother Stevens is head of the music department. She asked Philippa why she didn't write about angels instead of cockroaches. 'But dear Mother,' Philippa said, 'I've never seen an angel, but I've seen many cockroaches.'"

Philippa curtsied again, sat down at the piano, and began playing. I thought it was a nice piece.

Next she played a composition called "Impressions of the World's Fair, 1939." In it the sound of the tractor-train horn—that wornout phrase from "The Sidewalks of New York"—was recurrent. Then she played "Men at Work." When she finished it she asked me to enumerate the noises I had recognized. I told her I thought I had recognized an air drill, the sound of trowels knocking the tar off paving blocks, and the sound of a chisel being hammered into rock. "You're very good," Philippa said, and I felt pleased. "Here's one called 'The Jolly Pig,'" she said. In the middle of it she turned to me and asked, "Hear him laughing?" I didn't, but I said I did. After that came the "Caprice" she had finished that day. Then she played some pieces by other composers. They included Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Flight of the Bumble Bee" and Johann Sebastian Bach's "Two Part Invention No. 1." After she had played for at least half an hour without any sign of weariness, she said, "I'll play just one more, one I composed a long time ago, when I was four years old. It's 'The Goldfish.' A little goldfish thinks the sky is water. He tries to jump into it, only to fall upon the floor and die."

"I'll go get the ice cream," Mrs. Schuyler said as Philippa began "The Goldfish." Just as Philippa finished playing, Mrs. Schuyler returned, bringing a tray with four saucers. She called to Mr. Schuyler and he came in and sat down on the bed.

"I liked your new piece, Philippa," he said. Philippa smiled proudly.

"Thanks, George," she said. "I'm going to do a little more work on it tomorrow."

"It isn't really ice cream, and you might not like it," Mrs. Schuyler said to me as she distributed the saucers. "It's just fresh peaches and cream sweetened with honey and chilled. In this house we use almost no sugar. In her entire life, Philippa has never eaten a piece of candy. Her taste hasn't been perverted by sweets. Instead, she has a passion for lemons. She eats them the way most people eat oranges, pulp and all. Don't you, Philippa?"

"Yes, Jody," Philippa said. She was eating with gusto.

"We seldom have cooked food of any kind," Mrs. Schuyler continued. "Once in a while I broil a steak very lightly, but usually we eat meat raw. We also eat raw fish that has been soaked in lemon juice. When we're travelling, Philippa and I amaze waiters. You have to argue with most waiters before they'll bring you raw meat. Then they stare at you while you eat. I guess it *is* rather unusual to see a little girl eating a raw steak. Philippa drinks a lot of milk, and gets twelve teaspoons of cod-liver oil a day. About the only cooked thing she really likes is a hardboiled egg. She mashes the yolk and squeezes a lemon over it. When she goes to the movies she sometimes takes along an ear of corn. That's better than peanuts. She always fills her pockets with green peas before she goes to school. The other children at Sacred Heart used to stare at her, but now they think nothing of it."

"Jody makes me big birthday cakes," Philippa said. "They're made of ground-up cashew nuts. Once I had one that weighed twenty pounds. It was shaped like a white piano. This year it was shaped like the map of South America. The different countries were colored with berry and vegetable juices. It was a swell cake."

"We eat all kinds of nuts, just so they're raw," Mrs. Schuyler said. "Each year my father sends me all the pecans off one big tree on his ranch in Texas. Some people think we're peculiar, but the best proof that our diet theory is sensible is Philippa's health. She's extremely healthy, mentally and physically. Her teeth, for example, are absolutely perfect. She's never had even a tiny cavity."

Mr. Schuyler looked at his watch. "It's nine-thirty, Philippa," he said.

"May I ask another riddle before I go to bed?"

"Just one," her father said.

"All right. What's smaller than a flea's mouth?"

"Oh, I know that one," Mrs. Schuyler said.

"So do I," said Mr. Schuyler.

"All right, all right," Philippa said. "Wait until tomorrow. I'll ask you some you couldn't guess in fifteen years."

WE said good night to Philippa. Mrs. Schuyler went into the kitchen and Mr. Schuyler and I went into the living room. I asked him how many hours a day Philippa studies. He said that during school months she gets up at seven-thirty, has a bath and breakfast, and starts practicing on the piano at eight. She practices for two hours. Then for half an hour she plays anything she likes. At ten-thirty her music supervisor arrives. The supervisor, a young piano teacher named Pauline Apanowitz, is with her an hour and a half. Shortly before one, Philippa walks to Sacred Heart, eating green peas on the way. She spends two afternoon hours a day at the convent, attending history, geography, and English classes. She misses arithmetic, spelling, and reading, which are morning classes. However, her examination grades are always good in the subjects she skips. She is, of course, an honor student.

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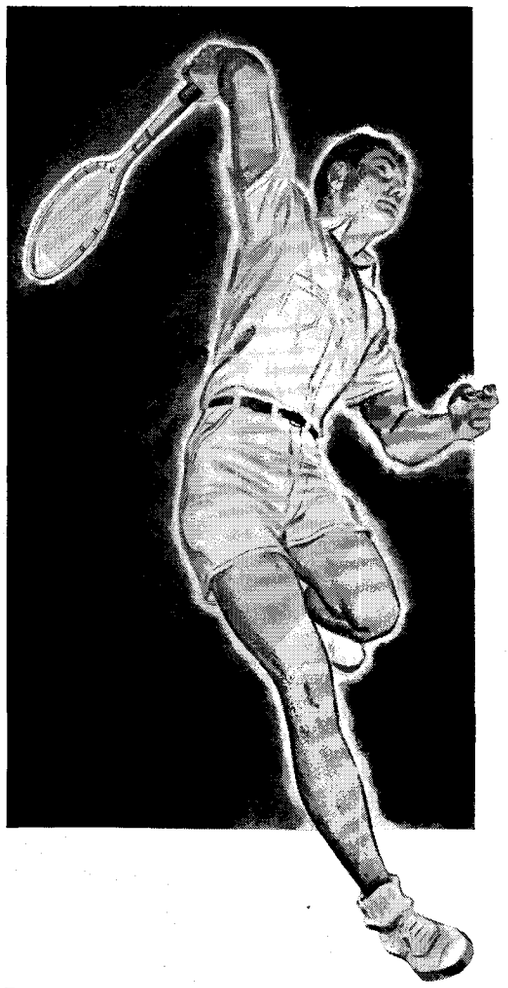
"There wouldn't be much point in Philippa going to a spelling class," Mr. Schuyler said. "When she was twenty-nine months old she could spell five hundred and fifty words. She has an enormous vocabulary. She likes jawbreakers. At four, she discovered the scientific word for silicosis, which is pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoniosis, and she spelled it morning and night. It fascinated her. We certainly got tired of that word." Once a week, Mr. Schuyler said, she goes to Antonia Brico's studio for lessons in score-reading and conducting; William Harms, an assistant of Josef Hofmann, also gives her a weekly piano lesson. Most afternoons she spends an hour in the convent playground; rope-skipping is her favorite exercise. "Philippa isn't a Catholic, and we have no religious affiliations," Mr. Schuyler told me. "My parents were Catholics, however, and Philippa will become one if she so desires. Most of the other children at the convent are Irish Catholics. She gets along with them wonderfully."

Mrs. Schuyler came into the room, bringing several small books. "When Philippa was very little I kept a careful account of the stories and poems she wrote, the words she invented, the questions she asked, and such things," she said. "I wrote them down in the form of letters to her, letters for her to read when she becomes a young woman. The people at the gifted-child clinic saw the books and had the notations transcribed for their files. Perhaps you'd like to look through some of the books."

I opened one. At the top of the page was written "Three years, seven months." Beneath this was the following notation:

You are very interested to know why some people are good and some bad. "What do they do with bad people?" you ask. "If they are very bad, they put them in jail," I say. "What is a jail?" you inquire. "A jail is a building full of little rooms with barred doors." "What do they do to bad people in jail?" "They don't have nice things to eat or wear," I explain. Several days later you heard about how poor most people are in Georgia, and you asked, "The poor people in Georgia who have nothing nice to eat or wear, are they bad?" "No," I said. "They are not bad. They are unlucky. Later, I will explain more fully." That afternoon you laughed and asked, archly, "Jody, when the weather is bad, do they put it in jail?" The same day you asked if flowers get white hair when they are old. And you asked if people who sleep on cots say at night, "I am going to cot." And you asked if mothers ever say to their children, "You must go crooked to bed." Walking along the street you said, "Jody, trees stand on one leg." Yesterday you began to giggle. "There's no Mr. Lady or

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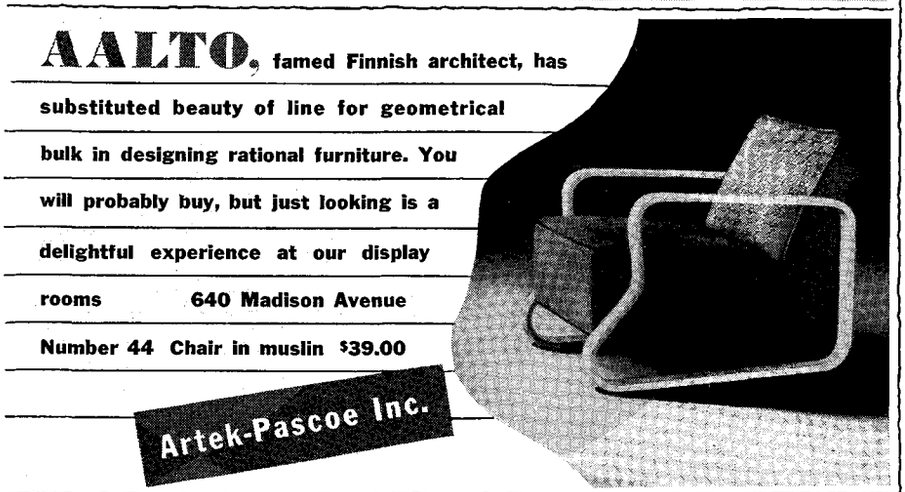
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Mrs. Man," you said, and enjoyed the humor of the idea very much. Today you made up a poem.

"Pipes are steel,
But bones are real."

Tonight you sat on the floor and made up a long story. You said, "Varnetida, a little girl, and her mother, Armarnia, went to see Slowbow, a brother who lived with his father, Solom, in a big house in Channa. They met the grandmother, Branlea, and another little girl, Jolumbow, who had a kitten named Lilgay, and a dog named Cherro. They all sat down in a chilbensian room and ate dishes of wallaga and thaga . . ." and so on, as long as I would listen. If you were at a loss for a word you simply invented one with a perfectly solemn face.

I picked up another book. In it I found a poem Philippa wrote when she was five. She wrote it on Easter morning while sitting in the bathtub:

The sun is lifting his lid.
The sun is leaving his crib.
The sun is a waking baby
Who will bring the Spring maybe
Thump, thump, thump! out of the earth.

The poem was followed by this notation:

Tonight a red light flashed to green while we were walking across Fifth Avenue. The automobiles were whizzing by us. Suddenly you looked up and said, "Jody, will you please name for me all the diseases in the world?"

"Philippa must be difficult to deal with at times," I said.

"She is indeed," Mrs. Schuyler said. "People often tell me, 'You must not push her!' Their sympathy is misplaced. If there's any pushing to be done, she does it. We make it a rule to answer all her questions as simply and frankly as possible. If we ever answer the same question two ways we have trouble. Once, because I was dead tired, I refused to answer one of her questions. She kept on asking it. I kept account, and found that she asked it thirty-four times one way and six times another way."

A FEW minutes later, I said good night to the Schuylers. At the door I asked Mrs. Schuyler to tell me the answer to the riddle Philippa had propounded just before she went to bed; it had been on my mind ever since. "That riddle about what's smaller than a flea's mouth?" she said. "That's an old, old nursery riddle. I guess it's the only one I know. The answer is, 'What goes in it.' I'm very sorry she got hold of that riddle book. Tomorrow at breakfast she'll ask us two dozen, and we won't know a single answer. Sometimes it's terribly trying to be the mother of a gifted child." —JOSEPH MITCHELL

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *A Hope for the Hopeful*

THERE is this to be said for the meetings of New World and Whirlaway: they provide lots of innocent employment for amateur handicappers, who must constantly revise their ratings. When Whirlaway beat New World in the Saratoga Special, the colts carried equal weights; in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes last Saturday, Whirlaway gave New World five pounds, and this time New World won. Now, if both run for the Hopeful this weekend, New World and Whirlaway will again carry equal weights. Although New World led all the way in the Grand Union, he didn't show the speed he did when he lost the Special, and Whirlaway, on the other hand, had all the bad luck, the worst coming when Longden, who rode him, tried to save ground at the stretch turn by going between Hy-Cop and Pompion and was pocketed for almost a furlong. If you've taken the trouble to follow this, you'll see why I think I have a good idea how the Hopeful will turn out, despite a tip that Attention will win and complicate everything.

THE Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap was a better show than anybody expected. Six horses ran, and there wasn't more than a length between any of them until, in the last furlong of the mile and three-sixteenths, Isolater took the lead and won. Isolater, who seems to be coming into top form, is seven years old, was foaled in Ireland, and never raced until he came here four years ago. He has about the best bloodlines of any horse in the country, according to William Woodward, who owns him. Isolater is by Blandford, sire of three Derby Stakes winners—Trigo, Blenheim, and Bahram—and would have been retired to the Belair Stud long ago if his owner hadn't wanted him to get a racing reputation. He's acquiring that. He won the Saratoga Cup a year ago, and in June he won the Brooklyn Handicap. His stable thinks he'll go well in the Saratoga Cup on Saturday, and if he should win both that and the $50,000 New York Handicap at Belmont Park early in October, Mr. Woodward, as you might imagine, would be quite pleased.

WHEN Level Best's blinkers got tangled in the starting gate just before the start of the Spinaway, slapping her head against the side of her stall so hard that one of her eyes closed up, I thought we had seen just about the most unlikely way of losing a race. I was wrong. The other day, Monday Lunch, running too close to the rails, bumped his nose on one of the furlong poles and practically knocked himself out. Nothing more unusual than leg trouble, however, could be blamed for the defeat of Nasca by Tangled in the Adirondack Handicap.

There are always upsets in the fourth week of the Saratoga meeting, when even the horses seem to get bored, but most of us—even those who bet on Level Best when Nasca beat her, and on Nasca when Tangled beat *her*—will be sorry to give Saratoga back to the Saratogans.

THE best two-year-old of last week was Jock Whitney's Seven Hills, a colt by Pompey. He's a better-looking animal than his full brother, Pompoon, and showed his courage when he was ridden hard to beat Maepeace, who had been out before. You might remember Seven Hills when he runs again. Another colt you'll hear from later is Belair Stud's Perisphere.

CHARLIE HOWARD's luck continues to be fantastic. Last year he bought a yearling by The Porter for $1,300, and named him Porter's Cap. Last Saturday, Porter's Cap won the Washington Park Futurity, worth $30,750. The colt is in The Futurity at Belmont Park. What price? —AUDAX MINOR

•

The experts arrive at your I.Q. this way: They divide the level of your mental development (16 years of age is tops for that) by your chronological age and multiply the quotient by 150. The result is your I.Q. (Example: A six-year-old prodigy with a mental age of nine years years would have an I.Q. of 150).—*From Neal O'Hara's column in the Post.*

Better let each prodigy figure out his own I.Q., O'Hara.

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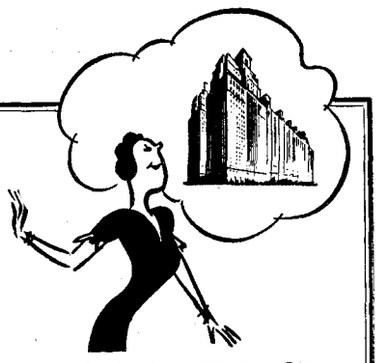

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

WE'VE got the College Shops on our hands again —the little sections of large stores which, each year around this time, are staffed by enthusiastic undergraduates who should know, if anyone does, how to keep a girl from being a misfit on the campus. The big news this year, according to these young ladies, is that students will be better tailored than ever before and that sloppiness, once the proud boast of every knowing college girl, will be as out of date as Victorian vapors. Topcoats and suits are cut on very masculine lines, without any feminine compromises, but somehow they never seem grim. Things which in my childhood were known as jumper dresses and were worn with guimpes are now called, for no particular reason that I can see, pinafores, and are shown everywhere with silk blouses, wool shirts, or sweaters. Red leather boxing gloves, padded and shaped just like real ones, have bobbed up as the mittens of the moment, and I love them, even if they are called Sock-'ems. Cardigans, which went collegiate when girls began wearing them hind side before, are now made to button down the back, and I'll bet they stay on the counters. As for legs, the plan is to have the girls wear regulation short woollen socks and then, after a brief expanse of bare calf, a knitted band pulled up to just below the knee. But let's not take this horror too seriously. The novelty of such things wears off soon.

At Lord & Taylor you'll find quantities of those new mannish suits made of Harris tweeds. The jackets, longer than ever, have a casual air and are supposed to look a bit too large on you. The coats are single-breasted and the skirts may be short (although L. & T. insist that they cover the knee) or regular length. The coats begin at $17.95 and the skirts start at $8.95. If you don't want tweeds, there are other suits in camel's hair with leather buttons and patch pockets (grand when you're wearing the jacket separately) or in taupe whipcord, which you don't see around as much as gabardine. Only short skirts in these materials.

Then there's a tan gabardine greatcoat some prowler must have stolen right off the Princeton campus. It's double-breasted and has collar, lapels, and lining all made of brown Teddy-bear cloth. For the neat girl there's an all-white hip-length loose jacket of Canadian blanket wool, with a hood of the same material generously trimmed with that old college favorite, raccoon. It should go well over evening clothes, too. This is $29.95.

ALTMAN is turning masculine, too. Polo-coat fanciers may like a suit that is made of polo cloth and has a cardigan jacket trimmed with brown saddle stitching. The stitching appears again on the front and back of the skirt, which is creased like trousers. Covert cloth is another favorite here, and is put to good use in a tan topcoat so similar to a man's that it even has an outside change pocket. The chances are your brother will claim it as his own. You may prefer a double-breasted reefer of a brown-and-soft-blue herringbone tweed. It has a collar of lapin dyed to look like beaver, and lapin mittens attached to the sleeves by tapes, baby style. There's a matching tweed calotte trimmed with a long pheasant wing, and the price is $29.95 for the works.

Most college girls' wardrobes seem to include something in gray flannel, and at Altman you will find a jumper dress (they call it just that, with no nonsense about pinafores) which has more detail than usual. It buttons from beneath one arm right down onto its box-pleated skirt, and there is a matching cardigan to go with it. Altman has carried the jumper idea even further by incorporating it in a crêpe dinner dress which consists of a pale-blue tailored top attached to a long, black, slinky skirt. When you are feeling *jeune fille*, wear it as it is; when you want to appear a woman of

*"I expected it to smell more like Elizabeth Arden's Pine Bath Essence."*

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the world, add the black sequin jumper that comes with it.

BONWIT TELLER have a collection of dressed-up velveteen clothes that look many times their prices, which run between $20 and $30. Here you will find a black pinafore afternoon dress, and it really resembles a pinafore. It has ruffles over the shoulders and is worn with a black silk blouse that has a prim velveteen collar. Another in black, and strictly for evening, has a fitted bodice with a low, scalloped décolletage and a long, full skirt. With it comes a white lace short-sleeved blouse which may be worn as a guimpe, as an overblouse, or not at all. Getting back to afternoon clothes, there is a two-piece dress in Chinese green, a soft shade with lots of aquamarine in it. It has a tuck-in blouse trimmed with amethyst buttons and its skirt is slightly flaring. A matching wide belt and skullcap, both amethyst-studded, go with these, and the effect is very regal indeed. And look at a "knock-'em-dead" fuchsia velveteen dress with a short fitted jacket cut high at the back, and low and square at the front; you have your choice between a short or floor-length matching skirt topped with a purple faille cummerbund.

NO one can ever accuse the young ladies who tend the College Shop at Saks-Fifth Avenue of being lazy; in spite of classes in the winter and store jobs in the summer, they've still found time to whip up several designs of their own. For instance, one of them has concocted an ankle-length swashbuckling cape, of midnight-blue wool and lined with red flannel, which has a cone-shaped hood. Waterproof and snug, it should make you the envy of the stadium; $25. Another girl at Saks, recalling fondly the plaids with white grounds which she wore as a child, has designed a collarless "date" dress in a Stewart plaid, and it's a beauty. Red and blue are the predominating colors on the white ground, and it is piped with red velveteen.

Copies of dresses by Izod of London are also treasured here. These come in lovely soft wools in such color combinations as pale blue with huge navy blocks, yellow with chartreuse, and bright red with beige. They have long, slender overblouses, notched collars, and full, pleated skirts. Saks also harbors one of the best-looking bathrobes I have seen anywhere. It's made of quilted cotton thickly sprinkled with tiny bunches of colored flowers and is self-lined, to make it nice and warm. There's a fitted bodice

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THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

*RUM 89 PROOF — Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940*

and terrificly full skirt, and the price is $6.50. Finally, for those who ought to watch their weight, there is a leather belt, marked like a tape measure, which should shame anyone into keeping track of an expanding waistline.

BEST has no special campus shop, but it does have an advisory service which can show you those beautifully tailored day dresses for which every college girl yearns. My pet is so simple that it sounds like nothing at all. It is made of greige Angora trimmed with self-stitching, fastens down the front, and costs $25. You may be interested in a colorful series of long-sleeved dresses; they're complete in themselves, but, for variety's sake, the shop suggests that you wear them with long-sleeved blouses. If you do, you can fasten the dress demurely at the chest, letting just the collar and cuffs of the blouse peep out, or you can wear it open, showing a generous display of shirt front. You'll be surprised to see how much one of these dresses can be changed by what you choose to wear with it. For instance, a vivid-red wool jersey dress with a drawstring belt, and worn with a white satin blouse, would be just right for an afternoon-tea date; worn with a thin woollen sweater, it's perfect for autumn on the campus. Others in this group include an emerald-green corduroy dress with a notched collar and sharp lapels, and a purple flannel one with a cardigan neckline; it looks superb when you add a sky-blue shirt.

I AM inclined to be cool toward matching sets, but Franklin Simon have one that I would gladly buy, if only for the topcoat, which is so beautiful I'd like to wear it with everything. It's a hip-length arrangement of brown Teddy-bear cloth, with a turnover collar and wool lining which extends outside to form a wide edging in bright colors that match the other pieces in the set. These include a suit with a cardigan jacket, a one-piece tailored dress, and slacks. Look at a green wool ensemble which people will not believe (even if you are foolish enough to tell them) costs only $17.95. Its long, collarless coat is trimmed with vertical tucks, and horizontal ones are used on the short-sleeved dress beneath.

I have never thought much about dungarees, not being one for leading the life that goes with them, but I'm told that good ones are hard to find. If this is true, and you want a better fit than the Army & Navy stores (where many a search finally is rewarded) can supply, and are willing to pay slightly more, you will find what you're looking for at Franklin Simon. These, unlike the A. & N. variety, don't need to be boiled for hours to cook out some of the vivid color and stiffness.

I FELT I was right back at school as soon as I entered Bloomingdale's College Shop, with its make-believe red-brick, ivy-covered walls. Well, anyhow, I almost felt that way. Here, as usual, you will discover a large selection of clothes at good old budget prices. There are tailored tan covert-cloth dresses with fly fronts and pockets high on the chest for $14.95. A two-piece dress with a red wool crêpe overblouse turned up across the front to look like a flat muff has a plaid wool pleated skirt on a bodice top, so it can be used with sweaters or jackets when you don't want to be fancy. For football days, they have what they call a blanket coat and a matching rug to go with it. The coat comes in a steamer-rug plaid lined with gabardine; it's reversible, has a detachable hood, and costs $16.95. The rug is extra.

Young ladies looking for good but inexpensive pajamas need look no further. Bloomingdale has red or blue rayon ones in tie-silk patterns, piped with narrow braid, for $2.98, and there are well-made matching bathrobes at the same price. Here, too, is a miraculous bag which you don't have to open to get at your carfare. Inside it is a compartment that holds nickels; pull a small metal whatzis at one end of the bag and a nickel shoots right out into your waiting palm. —M. M.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### *Nothing Extreme*

FALL, the year's big decorating season, has been only desultorily heralded by manufacturers' showings and the openings of special shops, but it's clear even now that no style changes are imminent which will be sweeping enough to cause us more than minor displeasure with our present interior settings. About the closest approach to something new in decoration (assuming, as perhaps I shouldn't, that something new is what you're after) is to be seen in the recently opened Modern Shop at Altman. Mind

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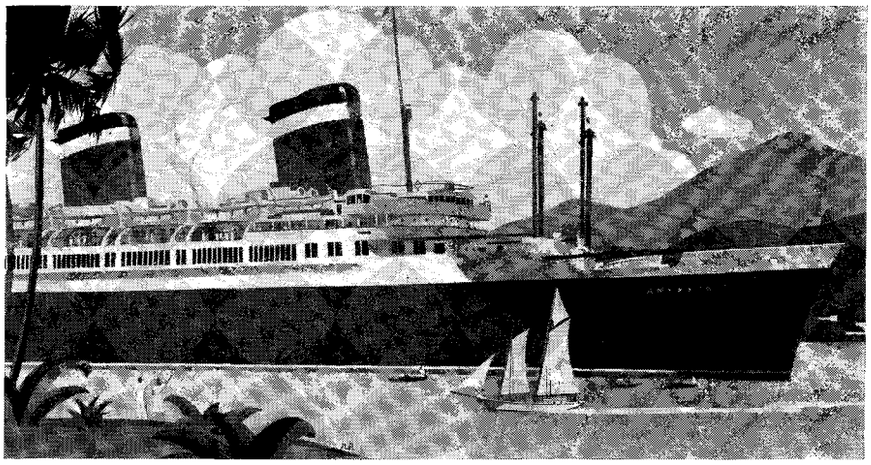
you, I don't say it *is* new, but it's a brave and unpretentious try.

What Altman has done is to snitch an idea here and an outline there from the handful of decorating periods which are the pets of the moment—Biedermeier, Regency, Empire, and Victorian—and frankly incorporate them in furnishings designed for present-day needs. This is exactly the sort of practice that has made purists howl down through the ages, but I don't think the public is going to object now any more than it has in the past. Altman's results, if not revolutionary, are gay, pleasant, and in some instances even cozy, and should be just the dish for people who dislike strictly traditional rooms but don't want to surround themselves, either, with chests having no visible drawer-pulls and chairs upholstered in chartreuse Teddy-bear cloth.

Chests in Altman's Modern Shop are likely to look like Biedermeier originals; many a chair has been upholstered in Victorian crimson satin tufted within an inch of its life. There is dining-room furniture in elm-finish mahogany, clearly of Swedish-peasant derivation and nice for a country house; and there are town-house pieces, too, such as a long, low coffee table with a plaster base made to look like looped and knotted rope, the whole thing painted stark white. A square mahogany table for card games or tête-à-tête dining has a removable centre leaf, with a chessboard inlaid on its underside, which conceals a leather-lined backgammon well in the table; $32.95. For $98, you can have a coffee table built to look like two enormous books bound in natural rawhide and laid flat, one on top of the other. The table top is hinged, and under it there's storage space for a year's accumulation of magazines or more games than you're likely to amass in a lifetime. All this is hardly "modern" in the current sense of the word, but it looks fresh and it looks new, and what more do you want?

MEANWHILE, hints of the budding season's new tendencies in colors and patterns (don't get your hopes aroused; there aren't many) can be picked up at the first showings of Imperial wallpapers and Johnson & Faulkner fabrics. Both collections show two distinct color groupings: one a range of soft and gently faded off shades, the other in hues that are intense and sharp even in their palest tones. Yellow—the sunniest, most brilliant clear lemon yellow in years—is the star of the second group, creating a where-has-this-been-all-my-life reaction the instant you see

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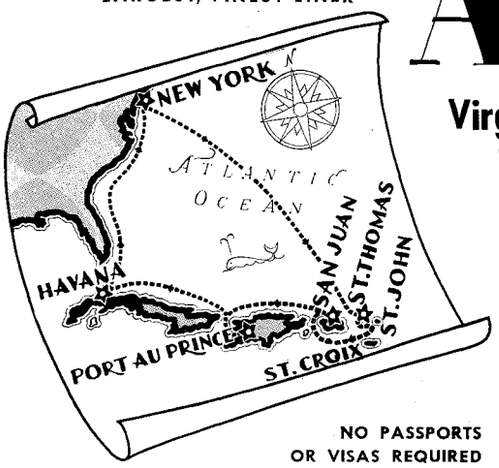


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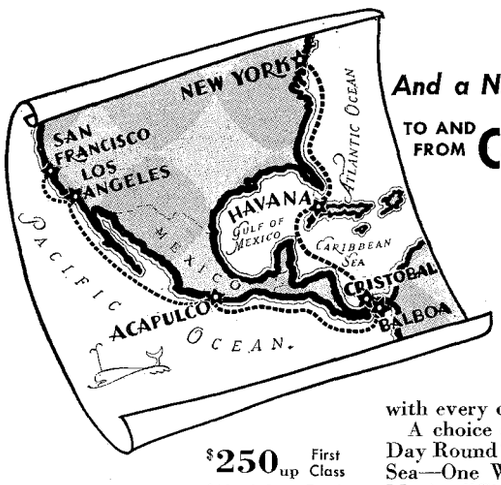


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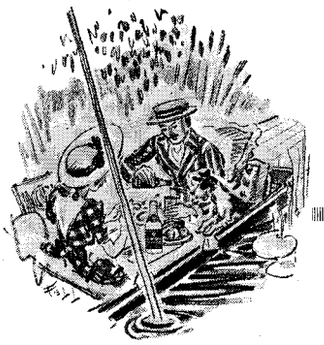

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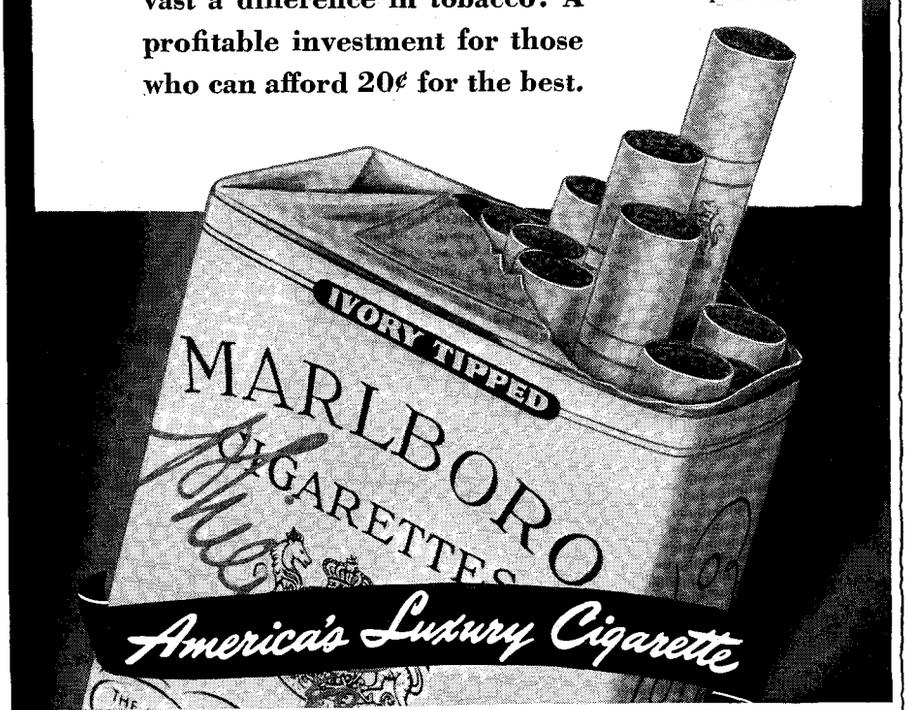


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it. Imperial has used this yellow as the background color for one especially good chinoiserie wallpaper patterned in white and gray—wonderful for a room with Chippendale or Federal mahogany. Johnson & Faulkner have it in monotone weaves, and also, again combined with gray and white, in stripes and swirling damasklike patterns on curtaining and upholstery cloths. Watch this rare yellow, and by all means get some of it into whatever north rooms may be troubling you.

In case you've been worrying over the fate of stripes, by the way, you can stop right now. Both collections are full of them, in greater variety than ever. At Johnson & Faulkner, you will find bold, two-color circus-tent stripes printed on everything, from inexpensive glazed percale to luxurious satins, at $9 a yard. There, too, are stripes created by weaves of monotone cottons, by ribbonlike bands of velvet on silk faille, and by floral garlands and barber-pole spirals on chintzes and percales. There's news in the reappearance of tapestry cloth for upholstery. It's at its most interesting in tiny armure patterns, like needlepoint, that seem perfection itself for French provincial furniture. All these fabrics may be bought, through decorators or dealers, from Johnson & Faulkner, 45 East 53rd Street. Imperial wallpapers are sold by Wolf Brothers, 23 West 45th Street.

AN increase in telephone inquiries about reliable furniture-movers indicates it's time once again to list a few moving and storage companies that know their business. These have proved worthy in the past: Chelsea Fireproof Storage Warehouses, Chickering 4-7414; Lincoln Warehouse Corporation, Rhinelander 4-0100; Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Co., Circle 7-1700; Mayflower Transit Company, Circle 5-8600 (for long-distance moving only); Morgan & Brother, Watkins 9-1300; and Santini Brothers (The Seven Brothers), Bryant 9-2344.

—B. B.

•

### SO. AFRICAN CATS FEAST ON FAT, LAZY CRICKETS

Forced to abandon his plane at a great height, a wounded British pilot fainted when his oxygen supply was cut off. Coming to in clouds lower down he thought he was in heaven. Quick recovery enabled him to open his parachute and land safely in spite of German snipers, according to the report received in London.—*Hartford Courant.*

Now, about those South African cats . . .

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# AMBULANCE

WATCHING the couple in the amusement area of the World's Fair who jitterbug on a high platform about the size of a dime, I began to feel faint. Spending a long, hot day in the World of Tomorrow had already made me woozy, and the aerial jitterbugs were too much for me. I didn't realize in what a low condition I was, though, until I grabbed for support at a green picket fence in front of a beer garden. A waitress just inside the fence looked at me in a peculiar way, and as things started to go black, I said to her, "Have you got a couch or anything in there I can lie down on?"

She didn't answer but went away, and the next thing I knew, an excited man who must have been the proprietor rushed out. "No place to lie down here," he said. "No place. Here is a chair." He lifted one over the fence and I sat down on it. Then he left as the waitress came back with a glass of water.

Chair and water were making me feel a lot better when I heard the siren of an ambulance. I thought the Fair and the jitterbugs must have had more effect on somebody else than they had had on me. I felt all right again. The sound of the siren became louder, and then a shiny ambulance appeared. I watched to see where it was going. To my surprise, it stopped in front of the beer garden, and a pretty nurse in a smart blue cape, an orderly in white, and the driver got out. They looked around eagerly, and tentatively considered me.

"Must be inside," I told them.

At that moment the proprietor rushed out again. Pointing at me, he announced to the ambulance unit and the crowd that was gathering, "There's the sick man. There he is."

I realized then that he had telephoned for an ambulance for me. The nurse came to my side and asked what had happened to me. I explained that I had just felt a little faint, but was now far from the ambulance stage.

"We'll fix you up," the nurse said sympathetically.

While the crowd continued to increase, the orderly and the driver whipped out a stretcher on wheels and placed it at my feet. "Just lay down here," the orderly told me, pointing to the stretcher and offering to help get me on it. People in the crowd were pushing at each other to be in on the excitement and peering over each other's shoulders. Somebody asked, "Where's the dead man?"

The beer-garden proprietor looked at me with dislike and suspicion. "You said you were sick. You said it," he said. Clearly, he didn't want any dead bodies around his establishment. He urged me to get on the stretcher.

"You'd better come," the nurse said.

I shook my head.

"Where'd you enter at?" the driver asked.

I mumbled something about having my car parked near the Long Island Railroad gate.

"We'll take you to the emergency hospital near there," the nurse told me.

"How about it?" the orderly asked.

They all sounded as though business wasn't very good and, in order to justify their existence, they needed me badly. I looked at the nurse and her eyes were almost pleading. That put me more in the spirit of the thing. I wanted to get to my car and I thought I might as well have a free ride to a spot near it.

When I let myself be laid out on the stretcher, a sort of cheer went up from the crowd. I waved as I was placed in the ambulance. Faces peered in through the glass sides. The nurse jumped in with me, sat by my side, and we were off, with the siren going full blast.

I started to sit up, but the nurse pushed me back gently. "Would you like a drink of brandy?" she asked.

I felt that it would be churlish to refuse such thoughtful service, and the brandy was served from a small dispensary in our wailing conveyance. When I asked for another, the nurse glanced at me with a slightly quizzical expression, but gave it to me. Watching the Fair go by from my horizontal position, while the nurse needlessly held my head up as I sipped brandy, was charming and novel.

WE stopped. The doors of the ambulance were opened and I was rolled out on the stretcher and into a one-story building. To the nurse, walking alongside me, I said I could walk


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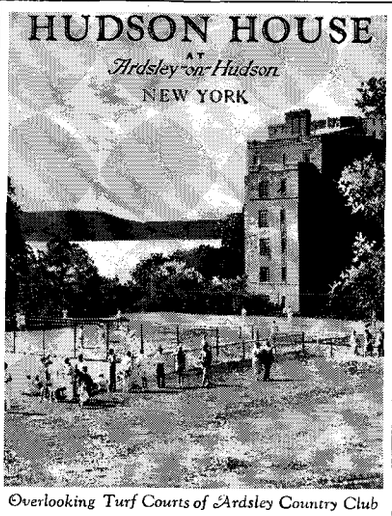

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to my car easily now and that I didn't need medical attention.

"Oh, you'd better lie down for a while," she said.

I was pushed into a room in which there were a number of beds. They were all empty except one on which a pale man was lying. I was lifted onto a bed, and before I could stop him, the orderly had pulled off my shoes. A doctor appeared and began to examine me. While he was doing this, the nurse took my pedigree. She was finished before the doctor, and when she went away, saying she hoped I would be all right, I was sorry to see her leave. She was a nice nurse and we had got on pretty well together.

"Had a big day," the doctor informed me knowingly and genially. "Your blood pressure's a little low. You ought to do something about it."

I said I knew, and that I was doing something about it. He thought I ought to have a hospital wheelchair to get over the long ramp leading to where my car was parked. I was taking everything offered now, and agreed. The orderly returned my shoes to me and brought up a chair to the bed. I got in it and was whisked off grandly, taking in the Fair as I rolled along and thinking that the next time I went, the best thing to do, when ready to leave, would be to lie down and foam at the mouth a little. —THEODORE PRATT

•

"When I left the scene at 7:30 p.m., as a blood-red sun was disappearing slowly below the horizon, British tanks were awaiting nightfall to rush the fort. I learned later that they encountered stiff opposition and the battle still was on at night. The British were led by a fair-haired, blue-eyed officer affectionately called 'Buckets of Blood and Bags of Bullets.' "—*PM.*

For short?

•

**THE CAREFUL AUTHOR AND THE MISPLACED CHART**

Mr. Mason said that before starting a book he makes a chart showing the physical characteristics and speech traits of the characters—"so that when I've once given a girl blue eyes and black hair I'll have a check against talking about her red tresses."—*The Times Book Review.*

Desire Harmony smiled, dropped a demure curtsey and turned those disturbing golden-brown eyes on the dazzled Pennsylvanian.—*From "Stars on the Sea," by F. Van Wyck Mason, page 114.*

"But, kind sir," Desire raised enormous blue eyes. "I have done nothing dishonest. I swear I haven't."—*Same book, same girl, page 312.*


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# GRANDMA GETS A REPRIEVE

MY grandmother wouldn't say the words out loud, but in her secret heart she regards Ohio State University as a veritable hellhole, a sink of iniquity, a dangerous and frightful place where anything can happen without warning, even to decent ladies of impeccable reputation and sainted years. I can see Grandma's point, even though I think she's prejudiced. We had some trying times, to use an understatement, the year she came down to Columbus to keep house for me, and the worst time of all was the week Grandma and I were nearly expelled from college for undermining the moral code of the university.

Not that Grandma hadn't taken the proper precautions. After all, she was chaperoning a young and flighty girl, and she couldn't be too careful. The furnished apartment we planned to lease, although just a block from the campus, looked somewhat mildewed and dingy. Before she finally put her name to the lease, she rang a bell at random, to take a gander at the neighbors. Mrs. Sillum, an innocent and upright Southun gentlewoman, sprang to attention. Before Grandma bowed herself out, she had gathered up all the pertinent facts on Mrs. Sillum's two student sons and an invitation to Mrs. Sillum's Methodist church. Grandma was a Congregationalist, but broad-minded.

Our acquaintance with the Sillum family grew, and it was really Mrs. Sillum who started the ball rolling on our biggest catastrophe a few months later. She came trotting upstairs one evening, a cribbage board in one hand and some inky papers in the other.

"Ah was just a-wonderin'," Mrs. Sillum said to Grandma, "whethah Ruth would do Billy-boy a big favor." Billy-boy was the older Sillum pride and joy, a likely lad of some twenty-two summers, who was studying electrical engineering.

Grandma promptly signed me up for the favor, sight unseen. It developed that Billy belonged to a fraternity, where he supervised the scholastic endeavors of the young fry. Among his charges was a football player, the chief glory of this Greek-letter society. But the young athlete was dumb, and rapidly getting dumber. He would be put on the ineligible list unless he passed English I, a feat obviously beyond his limited intellectual powers. Billy wanted to know if I would fix up one of the football player's weekly themes.

Thus insidiously do crime and shame overtake the virtuous. Grandma and Mrs. Sillum set up the cribbage board while I unlimbered my portable and went to work on an opus titled "My Philosophy of Life, by Timothy Buckmaster, Freshman English I, Section 31." I tried to decipher Mr. Buckmaster's philosophy of life from his inky, childish scrawl. Mr. Buckmaster, I gathered with some difficulty, felt that if a fellow should sock another fellow on the cheek, the other fellow ought to let him sock the other cheek. And a fellow should play fair, like on the football field; a fellow ought not to go around kicking guys in the shins. "What does rough stuff get you in the game of life?" Mr. Buckmaster inquired eloquently. "Nothing. The referee always blows his whistle on them and a fellow gets thrown for a penalty loss."

I turned this over in my mind. Mr. Buckmaster's obvious mistakes in the writing of his native tongue could, of course, be corrected and the matter left there. But I regarded young Mr. Buckmaster's rehash of the golden rule with distaste. I had just squandered my last nickel on a copy of Norman Douglas's "South Wind," a book which I admired immoderately, and my passion for Schopenhauer had grown to such proportions the month before that I had filched a copy of his collected essays from under the very noses of the university librarians. I put a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriter and began to revise Mr. Buckmaster's philosophy of life.

Mrs. Sillum and Billy-boy were properly grateful, but I had a qualm or two as I turned over the neatly typed essay. I was afraid Mr. Buckmaster's philosophy of life was going to be quite a shock to Mr. Buckmaster, but everything worked out very well. Mr. Buckmaster didn't trouble to read the essay, and his professor greeted my poor effort with cries of joy. "Provocative!" he wrote in red ink on the theme. "Unusual! A." I don't think the theme was much good, but I gathered it was quite a surprise coming from Mr. Buckmaster. There was one drawback, however. Billy was pretty worried. Suppose Mr. Buckmaster turned in one of his own essays the next week after the unexpected reception my work of art got from the teacher. Billy feared that if his protégé turned in another original Buckmaster, he was a sure-enough dead fish.

Next week's topic was "My Ambition in Life." I wrote a bold little number, stating coldly that I (Mr. Buckmaster) had no ambition, unless it was to be spared the company of the crass dolts who had. Mr. Buckmaster emerged from this prose poem as something of a lotus-eater, a cynical, world-weary type who found all exertion boring except the seeking after sensation.

Mr. Buckmaster's professor read the theme aloud to the class, causing Mr. Buckmaster acute shock and profound pain. Too late the hapless football player realized he was enmeshed in a dismal hoax—Buckmaster, the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the Ohio State literary world! Bill Sillum, acting as his business manager, offered me a dollar fifty a theme, with a fifty-cent bonus for A's and a fifty-cent penalty for C's. Grandma said she thought it was only right they should pay me for all that trouble, and I was innocently pleased. My chronic bankruptcy showed signs of easing up.

I CAN'T remember exactly how I branched out from doing a favor for Mrs. Sillum, the Southun gentlewoman, into high finance and vile crime. The whole thing sort of sneaked up on Grandma and me when we weren't looking. I recall that Mr. Buckmaster, who was painfully thunderstruck by what he considered my intense intellectual prowess, brought a couple of his pals around to the apartment one night. They were on the wrestling team and they couldn't seem to stumble through Business English II. I added two weekly business letters to my program.

"My dear sir," I used to type in the far reaches of the night, "I must advise you that I am severing financial relations with your bank as of this date. Your interest charges are exorbitant and your employees insolent. Very sincerely yours, ———."

The wrestlers had some friends, too. They were in the College of Agriculture and I got pretty tired of writing pieces about sheep dip and manure and "The Proper Location of the Modern Farm's Water Supply." Gradually my fame spread. Grandma was staggered by our unexpected success. She corrected the spelling and talked to the clients in the living room while I put the finishing touches on our product. The customers ate so many of Grandma's butter cookies that we considered selling them, too. Business boomed. One week I wrote seven themes on "My Philosophy of

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Life," evidently a popular subject in the English Department. I was so desperate by the time I got around to the last entry that I made him a nihilist, or at least what I thought was a nihilist. The results were startling. The lad's teacher proved to be a stodgy old reactionary who denounced my client publicly and gave him a large, black F for failure. "Terror never proved anything!" the professor wrote furiously across the margin. I had to refund my fee.

Of course, there is no such thing as the perfect crime. Grandma and I made the fatal misstep. We advertised. At least we put our indiscretions on paper. It was all rather haphazard. Mr. Buckmaster, who never could remember figures, was always forgetting how much I charged for various kinds of themes and reports. "Aw, write it down," he said one night. Bill Sillum happened in as I was finishing my brief list prices and demanded a few carbon copies for the bulletin boards of a few fraternity houses. I had intended to sign my name to this document, but at the last moment a bell rang somewhere in my mind, indicating caution, and instead I typed on my telephone number.

GRANDMA and I spent the next four days in innocent merriment. We were so far gone in crime that no shadow of guilt crossed our minds.

Mrs. Sillum got the news first. She came puffing up the stairs, her cheeks pink, her eyes popping, brandishing a copy of the university daily. "University Authorities to Investigate Crime Wave; Knowledge for Sale to Highest Bidder," the headline of a news story read, and on the next page was an impassioned editorial on the subject.

"Crime wave?" Grandma said. Grandma had never been to college and I don't think it had ever crossed her mind that writing essays for other people was anything but a nice way of combining good deeds with turning an honest penny.

"That's us!" Mrs. Sillum cried dramatically, amending the sentence, after a moment's reflection, to "That's you."

Grandma and I read the editorial over Mrs. Sillum's shoulder. It appeared that the stern though youthful editor of the *Ohio State Lantern* had never before in his entire life even *heard* of such a ferocious outrage. A band of low rotters, operating practically in the open, mulcting innocents of their pocket money! He called on the president of the university to wipe out this corruption. He insisted that every accomplice, down to the last lookout man, be expelled from school. He asked the alumni to Rise Up. The editorial closed with the stirring quotation "And only man is vile."

"Ah do declare!" Mrs. Sillum murmured in the profound silence.

Then the telephone rang.

"Don't answer it!" I cried, but Grandma marched to the nasty black instrument with all the dignity of Mary Queen of Scots going to the scaffold.

"Yes?" she said with majestic calm.

It was only dopey old Buckmaster, behind the times as usual. He was ringing up to tell me the subject of next week's opus.

"No more themes," Grandma snapped. "It's dishonest!"

ALL during the next week Grandma and I trembled every time the phone rang. Tension mounted in the McKenney household as the days passed. The university daily carried cryptic stories. The investigation was "progressing." Definite clues pointed to an early solution of the "mystery." The "authorities" promised action soon. Grandma used to read these awful items aloud over our bleak dinner table, groaning between paragraphs. "To think," she would mutter. "Fifty-nine years old, and now this." Mr. Buckmaster was no help. He made the days and even the nights hideous by alternately ringing the doorbell and calling up on the phone. Every time we heard from Buckmaster we thought the Law was closing in.

And then suddenly Grandma and I were reprieved. Bill Sillum arrived panting, on the sixth day of the big investigation, clutching a handful of rumpled papers—the fatal carbon copies and the original of the sinful McKenney catalogue.

"They thought they had us," Bill reported scornfully, "but we gave them the old fadeout powder. They'll pipe down now we got the evidence back."

They did. The "investigation" disappeared from the headlines. The "authorities" evidently turned to more important crimes. Mrs. Sillum breathed easier for her Bill. But Grandma never really recovered. In a lifetime of honest endeavor, it was the first occasion her peace of mind had depended on somebody "piping down" because the opposition had "got the evidence back." It left a mark on her.

Not to mention what it did to poor Mr. Buckmaster. His teacher wrote across the top of his next theme, a simonpure Buckmaster original, "A poor thing, eh, Buckmaster, but your own?" The theme, however, was graded A. The professor told my ex-client, right out in class, "Virtue is too often its own reward, don't you think?"

"Huh?" said Buckmaster.

—RUTH MCKENNEY

• •

## PRESENCES

In a sweet-scented orchard of my country,
Surrounded by summer noises, orioles' utterance,
Seeing the sudden dive of the feeding swallow,

I thought of forgotten philosophers, how in their living
They disobeyed their precepts, how they piled
Order on Chaos till all tumbled down

And the Olympus of perfection stood unscarred above the clouds,
The lode of all endeavor, from whose grottoes
Still issued the oracle's echo, "You will not attain."

As I stood in the flourishing orchard of my country,
Oh, in that place the animals were playing
Beneath the sun, the tiny and the quick.

These beasts I watched in their running, saw the easy
Lope of the squirrel, the mole's smooth ridge, the hare's
Swift consultation with grasses and the wind,

And I thought, "These creatures are the secure of God.
Safety lies in the actual; the potential and the dream
Are dangerous engines. Only the animals

Are honest and precise, only a man
Would mold ideas and myths into battalions
And, like the giants, war against all Love."

—HARRY BROWN

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Thriller*

SO extraordinarily exciting and up-to-the-minute are the incidents in "Foreign Correspondent" that you have somewhat the sense of turning from a paragraph in the current news and finding it dramatized for you upon the screen. In spite of this almost ghoulish contemporary quality and the quick Benchley-James Hilton dialogue, the outline of the story has the classic form deriving from the days of Richard Harding Davis and constantly employed in the making of movies of wild adventure. We have a hero (Joel McCrea), one of those handsome and picturesque reporters, who jauntily and easily stumbles upon the "exclusive" of the day, his investigation being complicated but in no way actually hindered by an attendant romance. Around the lovers seethes the gang of villains, who will stop at no crime and who must be thwarted before the happy pair may be united for a private life of utter bliss. That the piece is on an old pattern doesn't, these days, make it seem any the less like something straight from the news. I suppose we are all now pleasantly adjusted to the notion that we ourselves may experience any of the horrors we find in the film.

Here we have smoothly pieced together as a perfect thriller the maneuverings of Fifth Columnists, assassinations, kidnappings, a mysterious mill on the border of Holland, blackouts in London, the capturing and torture of an old gentleman who is the "keystone" of the whole European structure. Then there's a tremendous finale aboard a transatlantic plane out from England the very day war is declared—a finale that leaves one beautifully satisfied, with the sense that nothing worse, nothing more violent, could possibly be devised.

This smooth piecing is Director Alfred Hitchcock's unfailing contribution. Though he has, I suspect, been reminded since his arrival in Hollywood that love is a beautiful thing, not to be slighted—there are moments which seem a bit dragged out while we contemplate Mr. McCrea's attentions to Laraine Day, the busy heroine—he has otherwise had his way. God's gift to extras, he makes each one of them an artist. The most casual hotel clerk, the guests at a dinner, the individuals in a mob, odd passengers on the plane, each is given an identity, which lends a unique finish to the whole affair. The important figures in a fine cast bloom in his hands. Herbert Marshall and Albert Basserman, I should say, dominate, but such actors as George Sanders, Edmund Gwenn, and Mr. Benchley (as a correspondent not picturesque but human) never miss a trick, and Hitchcock, the war, and modern life keep them active.

JUST to be bright and gay is the innocent aspiration of what other pictures have appeared. Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman are united in "Lucky Partners," one of those teasing romances of current fashion. Artistic and bohemian types, all whimsical and droll and good at heart, are shown us in a Greenwich Village setting, and there is some commotion over a sweepstakes ticket and a lot over an agonizing excursion on which the lovers pretend not to be lovers. This amounts to roguish bedroom-farce material, very dainty and temperate, however. Miss Ginger seems vague yet confident, and younger than ever, possibly a year or two older than Deanna Durbin. . . . Bing Crosby and Mary Martin look well together and sing well together in "Rhythm on the River," a feathery item which takes more time to present than is perhaps quite necessary. The young people are seen as the ghost writers of music and lyrics for a famous composer (Basil Rathbone) who has lost the knack. Oscar Levant turns up in the film, reading "A Smattering of Ignorance." . . . Miss Temple has obviously retired in the full tide of her powers. In "Young People," her swan song, so to speak, she shows no weariness, no slacking up, no arthritic pangs. Supported by adults (Charlotte Greenwood and Jack Oakie), she appears as a stage child who brings a message of cheer and vitality to a dead New England village.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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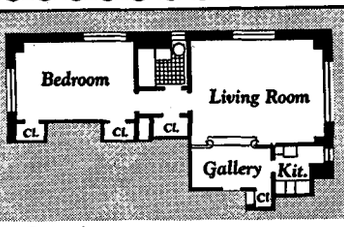


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# BOOKS

## *Mann on Goethe*

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

THUS the impish Thackeray, chronicling the event which led to the publication of "Werther" and made Goethe famous, unrequited love a European mania, and suicide virtually modish. Lotte, the heroine, was based on a real personage, Charlotte Buff, one of the many maidens on whom the experience-hungry young Goethe practiced. Charlotte married respectably, produced eleven children, became a widow, and never forgot the affair with Goethe that had made her a celebrity all over the Continent. Years afterward, a little old lady of sixty, she visited Weimar and saw Goethe again. The episode, of which we do not have any too full a literary record, forms the matrix of Thomas Mann's entrancing new novel, "The Beloved Returns," a book demonstrating that it takes a genius to catch a genius.

Goethe has written more sympathetically than Mann about himself, but not with more acuteness. There are a number of things one can say of the book, the most important of which is also the simplest: this seems like a convincing portrayal of a great man. It is, in addition, an oblique disquisition on the two perennial Germanys, Goethe's and Bismarck-Hitler's; a charming period piece re-creating, without the fuss of literary archeology, the post-Napoleonic Weimar of 1816; and a portrait gallery drawn with that odd, exhaustive humor peculiar to Thomas Mann. In form, the book is a series of conversations; the speeches are incredibly long, the sentences as formal as the most formal Mozart. It is intensely literary, in the best sense, and readers in a hurry had better hasten on to something else.

Nothing much, you see, happens. Lotte puts up at an inn in Weimar; the town goes mad over her; a number of people connected with Goethe visit her and talk at length both about Goethe and themselves; Lotte talks about *herself*; she meets her Werther, now the great figure in Germany, at a dinner party; and she has a few last words with him alone. That's practically everything, yet this simple form, hardly narrative at all, permits Thomas Mann not only to tell a tale which has its own kind of suspense but to say a large number of profound and often very pitiless things about genius and its effect, not necessarily happy, on the lesser lives revolving around it.

Lotte's first visitor is Mager, the highbrow headwaiter, a first-rate comic figure, an arch study of the influence the supercharged literary atmosphere of Weimar exerts on even humble personalities. Then comes Miss Cuzzle, the bouncing Irish social-lioness hunter. With the arrival of Dr. Riemer, Goethe's secretary, we draw nearer to the great man. Riemer is a really wonderful character. His whole life is bound up in that of his master. He venerates him, he identifies himself with him, and he is envious and depreciatory of him. No man is a hero to his own secretary, yet Riemer's almost neurotic carping serves merely to emphasize the dimensions, if not the attractiveness, of Goethe's personality.

After Riemer, the slightly bewildered, excited, charmingly sentimental Lotte receives Adele Schopenhauer (Arthur's sister, and a Weimarese bluestocking). Through Adele we come upon the story of August, Goethe's son, and his approaching marriage with Ottilie. It's a story throwing light equally on August, his father, and the curious, high-strung, romantic atmosphere in which Weimar is drenched.

We are now prepared for the entrance of August—August, who suffers from the destiny which makes him so much a son that he can never quite be a man. Finally we enter the mind of Goethe himself. The stream-of-consciousness chapter in which Goethe reveals all his powers and his weaknesses, his talents and his vanities, his magnificence and his petty snobberies, is one of the most extraordinary pieces of character creation, or rather re-creation, in modern literature. Indeed, it is so extraordinary that it dwarfs the remainder of the book, whose tone on the whole is light and elegant rather than profound. The story closes with an inimitable dinner-party scene and an indescribably wistful conversation between Goethe and the little widow who years before had inspired "Werther."

"The Beloved Returns" is not intended to rank with Mann's major works and will probably prove neither as popular nor as enduring as "The Magic Mountain" and "Joseph and His Brothers." Though too carefully done to be considered a *jeu d'esprit*, at times it makes you feel that here is a master diverting himself, giving free play to the more whimsical side of his talent. But, one must add, the diversion *is* that of a master. Behind all the book's humor

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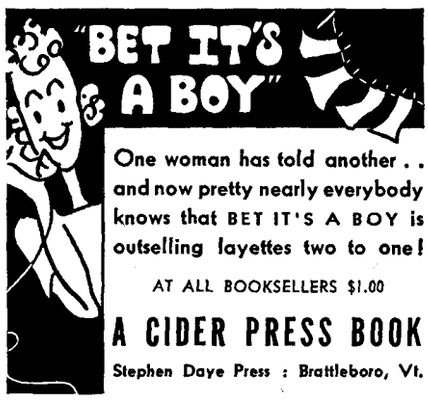
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TWO things have handicapped the always interesting novels of R. C. Hutchinson. One is that he has almost too much invention; his books are overstuffed. The second is his titles—"Testament," "One Light Burning," "The Answering Glory," and now "The Fire and the Wood"—whose symbolism is foggy and portentous to any degree you care to mention. If Mr. Hutchinson's titles were as good as his books, his books would be more successful.

"The Fire and the Wood" is, I am confident, the best thing he has done. The scene is Germany during the months immediately preceding and following Hitler's accession to power. But this is not the standard anti-Nazi novel—even the concentration-camp scenes have originality. Instead, it's a story about a moral idea. All Mr. Hutchinson's stories are about moral ideas—Tolstoy would have loved them—and in this one the moral idea is most clearly and effectively presented.

Zeppichmann, the central figure, is a young bacteriologist (he happens to be a Jew, but the fact is not enormously important to the story) who, in his own way, is a Nazi; that is, he believes that "the individual does not matter." The substance of the narrative has to do with the way in which his ruthless scientific impersonality is changed, through his love for his human guinea pig, Minna, into a realization that the advance of science and the development of the individual personality must go hand in hand.

The moral homily is well preached, but I think I prefer to admire Mr. Hutchinson's dexterity with minor characters, his humor, and the remarkable realism with which he conveys the life of hospitals and the world of scientific research. Not as carefully got up as "Arrowsmith," this book is just as convincing.

The last third of "The Fire and the Wood" goes haywire—too many new characters and too much intensity—but the first two-thirds is capital. If Mr. Hutchinson lives (he's in his country's service, of course), he should prove one of the most interesting of England's post-Second World War novelists.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

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land, says Mr. O'Faoláin, is lost in a fog of dreams—dreams of the past, dreams of its own freedom, dreams in which the Church, and small white-washed cottages, and the green hills, and the fierce days of "the trouble" are all mingled. Even when Irishmen come to America, Ireland lives on foggily in their souls. Except for a rather unsatisfactory romantic episode in New York, a sound, adult, perceptive book.

MOON TIDE, by Willard Robertson. The simple and tender love story of a Swede who got a job on a bait boat in San Pedro harbor and of a waitress who wanted to throw herself in the sea. The Swede, who has the memory of a fearful adventure in the back of his mind and a desire to work out the meaning of life, is more than usually real and touching.

TAKE THE LIGHTNING, by Nancy Wilson Ross. A marital triangle in which the husband is a psychiatrist and the wife is pathologically obsessed by the memory of a lover. It may sound grim, but it isn't, perhaps because of the background of convincing and often entertaining faculty squabbles in a Northwestern university.

JACKPOT: THE SHORT STORIES OF ERSKINE CALDWELL. Seventy-five of them, including nine never before published in book form, making a huge omnibus volume confirming Caldwell's high place in current fiction. Each story is accompanied by a sharp, frequently humorous annotation by the author. First-rate reading.

## GENERAL

ENGINES OF DEMOCRACY, by Roger Burlingame. A sequel to "March of the Iron Men," this vitalizes the social history of American invention from 1865 to the present. Into his broad pattern the author sets such figures as Bell, Joseph Henry, Thomas Davenport, and Edison to witness his conclusion that the machine, not yet subdued by man, has exerted a strong collectivist influence, though counterweighted by individualism. An engrossing job. Photographs and plans.

THE BIG SEA, by Langston Hughes. Autobiography of the distinguished Negro poet. A moving, sometimes hilarious chronicle of freighters on the African run, Paris in the twenties, the Harlem Renaissance, and so on. Might have been a little less discreet.

FAITH FOR LIVING, by Lewis Mumford. In a companion piece to "Men Must Act," the author brings his neo-

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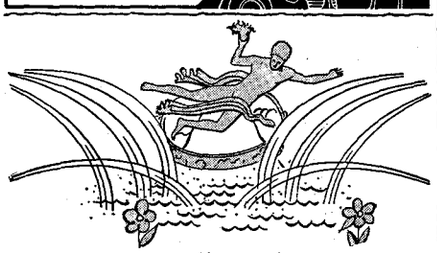

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The Sun
NEW YORK


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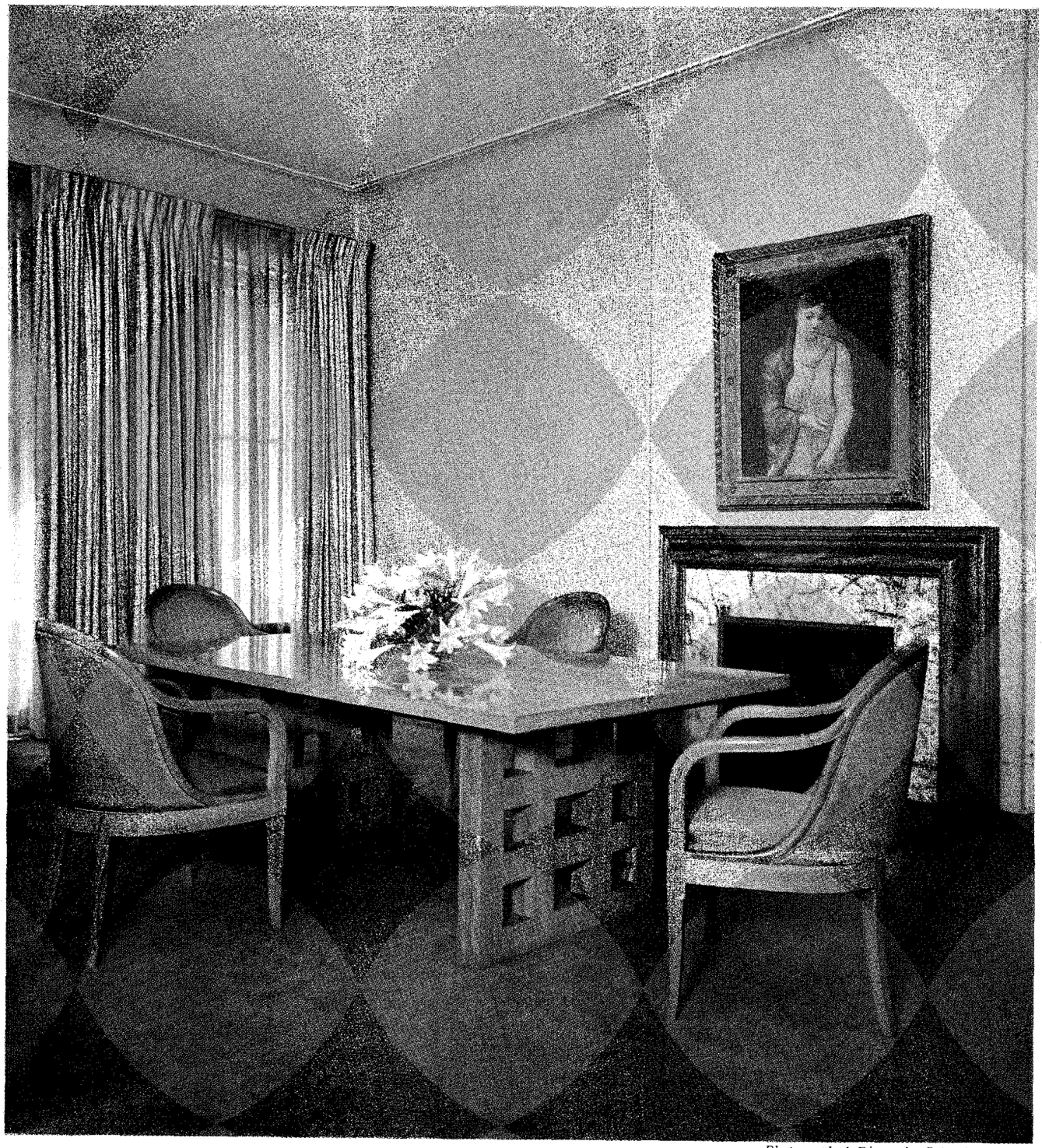

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